The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1909.

The Week.

We may well believe that President Taft has directed his Attorney General to make a thorough investigation of the Sugar Trust, with a view to criminal prosecution. The failure of the previous Administration to act in the premises had a bad look at the time, and appears even more a case of dereliction in the light of the event. The explanations which the former Attorney-General gave to the press, are themselves in need of explanation. Mr. Bonaparte declares that only "statements" were laid before him by Mr. Earle, not "evidence." But does he expect a complainant to prepare the whole case? What is the Department of Justice for, why are there Federal district attorneys and grand juries and a secret service, if not to run down the evidence of crime and bring the guilty to trial? That sort of work was done with great pains against the Standard Oil Company and timber thieves and the Beef Trust. Why was immunity given to the Sugar Trust? Perhaps, because it was in the category of the politically "good."

With brass buttons and epaulets becoming more plenty, with constant talk of fighting and inventions of new weapons, this country must watch to prevent its people drifting into dreams of empire that can only lead to disaster. Many wars are simply caused by the political ambitions of men and the love of military action, and we must be careful not to use our great and growing prosperity as an excuse for building new navies and increasing standing armies beyond the point where they are still a mere guard. . . .

These timely and excellent words of warning Justice David J. Brewer spoke last Saturday at Atlantic City, before the New Jersey Bar Association. His address was a plea for united action among the nations to put an end to war. He dwelt strongly upon the fact that "America is the logical nation to bring about universal peace throughout the world." There is no other so wonderfully situated to take the leadership. We wish that this highly honored Supreme Court Justice could influence Mr. Taft to take this overshadowing question under consideration. The Peace Congress in Chicago, the Arbitration Conference at Lake Mohonk, the local Peace Society, are but a few of the public bodies which have recently besought Mr. Taft to take the leadership in promoting international concord. Never was there a better time than the present; never was it more desirable to stop the growing drift to militarism in this country, and never was a greater opportunity offered to any statesman to achieve immortality than that which beckons across the oceans to William H. Taft.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an interesting old-age pension bill affecting the Boston and Maine Railroad, at the request of both the company and its employees. So enlightened an action on the part of a great corporation deserves widespread recognition. The proposed pensions are to be supplied by equal contributions from employer and employees, the former to make up any deficiency if the joint payment falls short of $200, the minimum sum. The company has promised to make an additional contribution to meet the needs of those already advanced in years, and provision is made by which regular pensions may be eked out with annuities voluntarily purchased by employees. The pension system itself is to be managed by a board of trustees in which the railway and its employees are equally represented, and it cannot be put into operation until adopted by a vote of two-thirds of the employees. Once established, the scheme creates legal rights binding practically all of the 27,000 employees as well as the railway, while the State aids by supervising the system and exempting from all taxation the funds which are to be guarded by both the insurance commissioner and the State actuary. The great advantage of this whole scheme is that it secures obligatory contributions both from the railway and the employees by democratic methods; and it becomes of especial importance in view of the belief that it may be extended to include accident insurance and sick benefits. Indeed, there are some who think that it may be followed before long by a general law under which other public service and private corporations may put into operation a coöperative old-age pension system.

We are all firm advocates of economy, and look with horror upon governmental extravagance, yet if a single appropriation or salary in which we or any of our friends have a personal interest is reduced by one penny, we cry to heaven about penuriousness and injustice. Witness the present experience of Collector Loeb in New York. After consultation with the authorities at Washington, he has been reclassifying custom-house employees, and cutting down the salaries of many of them. But is this hailed as wise and economical administration? Well, hardly. The rush of protesting politicians and party leaders to the Collector's office is something terrific. He has lowered the pay of my man! At once the party appears endangered, grave doubts are entertained about the municipal election, and it looks as though there would be a Democratic House a year from now, with President Taft rebuked and embarrassed. All because Inspector John Smith has been made a weigher, and had his salary cut $10 a week. Such are the pains of political economizing—the truly dismal science. We may be sure that there will be the same political wailing over the proposed abolition of a useless bureau in the Interior Department, at a saving of $100,000, and the new system of paying employees in navy yards, by which there will be an economy of $125,000. All such reforms mean officers out of a job, and officers out of a job mean the ruin of the party. Everybody hurrahs for economy, but who touches a hair of yon gray salary, dies like a dog.

Judge George Gray's manly independence was never displayed to better advantage than when he spoke out at Scranton last week on the "cowardly and un-American" boycott by the labor union. He was sitting as arbitrator between the traction company and its employees, and was told that certain merchants dared not put their names to a statement about prices, lest they should be boycotted. This roused the judge's indignation. He said that if the facts were so, they ought to be proclaimed to

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the country to the discredit of the labor unions. As for himself, he declared that he would die in his tracks before he would submit to a boycotting labor union. This is the kind of sturdy utterance which once passed as thoroughly American and patriotic. If it has seemed to be going out of fashion, this is probably because many find it so much easier to yell for the flag, and a big navy, and to talk about licking all creation, than to show any fight when labor leaders or corrupt politicians threaten to injure their private business.

While the New York Presbytery held its theological examination behind closed doors, there seems to be little doubt that the young men whom it voted to license to preach, though it had refused to do so on a former occasion, hold views much at variance with current Presbyterian orthodoxy. It appears to be certain, for example, that they do not accept the historical doctrine of the fall of man, or of the virgin-birth. We shall soon know, for it is inconceivable that these things can be left hidden in a corner. The Presbytery will have to make a report of its procedure to the higher judicatories of the church; if it does not, it will be called to book by either the Synod or the General Assembly. That was the course taken to bring Professor Briggs to trial. He had no difficulty with his own Presbytery in New York. It was the church at large which finally lost patience with the tolerance accorded his opinions, and insisted on settling the question whether they could lawfully be held within the Presbyterian Church. It was settled, for the time, by the withdrawal of Professor Briggs.

But his heresies, if such they were, could not be compared in gravity with those now imputed to these young men. They apparently stand ready to throw over a good part of the dogma based on the supernatural. This is their individual right; and, of course, one way in which the churches grow more liberal, and toleration for new views is gained, is by having ministers, or candidates for the ministry, frankly state their convictions and ask if there is room for them in the church. But the process must be open. The Presbytery may have been wise to sit in secret, but it must know that all the facts are bound to come out. The New York Presbytery has long been suspected of being theologically lax. The Western Presbyterians have been accustomed to account for this on the theory of the deceitfulness of riches. Clergymen who are wealthy, or who have rich wives, or who are in contact with luxurious parishioners, cannot be expected to be severely orthodox. All the more reason, then, why the country hammerers of heretics will demand from the New York Presbytery the reasons for its latest toleration of error.

The well-earned honors paid to Wilbur and Orville Wright in the White House by President Taft are in refreshing contrast to the lack of governmental interest in their work at its inception. It is true, that the President acted for the Aero Club in making the presentations, and not directly for the government. But it is not too much to hope that such a ceremony may lead to more frequent official recognition of men who confer honor upon their country by discoveries in the realm of science. We are of those benighted persons who believe that achievements of this kind are more to the renown of this Republic than the possession of a hundred battleships, or than a dozen world-cruises of our latest sea-monsters. This is not because the aeroplane or the dirigible balloon is thought to be a new and more formidable engine of war. If that were its only usefulness, the sole reason for its existence, we should take very little interest in it. Neither Germany nor the United States nor any other country can hope for a monopoly of aerial Dreadnoughts. As soon as a step forward is taken in one land, it will be followed in another. England's naval position, her statesmen say, is worse for the invention of the sea-Dreadnought than it was before. It is as impossible to hide or to patent new ideas in naval construction, as it is in airships. The inventor Hubert Latham, who is now experimenting with a monoplane in Paris, may have taken some of his ideas from the Wright experiments; he may devise something vastly superior to their aeroplane, for which, it is said, they have already booked no less than 200 orders. The real reason, then, for the White House ceremony is not that the Wrights have furnished us with a new weapon, but that they have won for the United States in a field of science an honor as great, or nearly as great, as that earned for Germany by Zeppelin with the dirigible balloon.

The case against the comic supplement was forcibly restated last week by Mr. Percival Chubb, before the Public School Kindergarten Association. The luridly tinted Sunday "kid" is without question one of the most potent factors for vulgarity in our national life. Just how the process of vulgarization runs was suggested by the speaker when he complained of "always the same violences of color, form, and interpretation." It is not alone in its violence, but in the eternal sameness of subject and treatment that the pernicious influence of the comic supplement lies. Conceive, for instance, the state of a mind that will go on year after year drawing delight from the adventures of Happy Hooligan or the Katzenjammer Kids. Change, growth, are the necessary conditions of life. The child's mind, especially, must expand or die. But here are children's minds clamped down to a dreadful monotony. The contents of the picture have long ceased to attract. It is the mere familiar aspect of the horrible reds and blues that stirs a kind of galvanized laughter. An essentially quick-minded and humorous people, we are bludgeoned into accepting the stupid and the stale, as humorous. The cheap vaudeville performer has only to rip out, "I love my wife, but, oh, you kid," and his audience dissolves in laughter. It's the old grouse in the gunroom raised to the *n*th power of vulgarity.

Almost a decade ago, Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote his "Memories of a Hundred Years," and if his death last Thursday still found him considerably short of the centenarian's score, yet he was indeed to most of us a link with what begins to seem a remote past. He belonged to the epigones, so to speak, to the generation that succeeded the great New England writers, standing between them and the men of to-day. His reputation, no doubt, has suffered somewhat from this intermediary character. Compared with the work of Hawthorne and Poe, his stories lack individuality, and the classical mark of writing that comes from an age complete in itself and set apart by distinct ideals. At the same time they miss the

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emphasis and the intimacy that make the appeal of our newest fiction. Yet if he lacks the modern tone, it must not be forgotten that he did as much as any other American writer to mould the short story to its present form, taking it out of the poetical field in which Hawthorne and Poe worked, and giving to it some of its commonest ideas. His "Man Without a Country," coming at the beginning of the civil war, was a strong incentive to patriotism; it has been, too, the source of much later-day jingoism. In another direction his "Ten Times One Is Ten" has given an impulse to a vast deal of humanitarian fiction of a sentimental sort. Probably these stories are only a name to most of those who are reading the magazines of to-day, and the writer himself had begun to be a name. His death is a sign to tell us how rapidly our heroic age is slipping into the past.

In withdrawing aid from George Washington University, the Carnegie Foundation helps along the panic through which, as Clarence F. Birdseye has said, the American college must pass for its regeneration. To lose a gift already in hand is a terrible misfortune. Academic benefactions have always been clinched by all the methods known to high finance, mortmain, and diplomacy. The most highly approved have been used by the George Washington University in its efforts to secure pensions for its professors. Paper-prosperity and paper scholarship it could show in abundance. Its productive endowment was $219,832.96, if you would only reckon it in the desired manner. And it had over 1,000 "regular" students, provided you acquiesced in the college bookkeeper's standard of "regularity." But now it is going to lose its pensions, because $219,832.96 looks like $123,500, from a Fifth Avenue office; and because the only real entrance requirement seems to be the candidate's ability to pay an entrance fee. It is not the money loss that hurts; the professors will bear this, anyhow. No, it is the publicity. Not all its pensions will leave so deep an impress as the Carnegie Foundation's airing of the ways of college administrators. The Washington institution will not suffer alone. Dozens of other pretentious minor establishments are probably playing fast and loose with their books.

Mr. Balfour said nothing new when he declared the other day that the fate of the British Empire would have to be fought out in European waters, if it depended on one naval battle. On that supposition the British fleet was reorganized five years ago, and on that supposition the war-mongers have been busy ever since. But Mr. Balfour's formal statement of opinion suggests one reflection: how poor a prophet Rudyard Kipling has turned out to be. It is not Great Britain's far-flung battle line that needs divine protection now, but a battle-line concentrated within the close confines of the North Sea. In response to no far calls will Britain's navy melt away; for Australia or Canada or South Africa may in case of war shift for themselves, and not much harm done, but watch must be kept over Heligoland. Year after year the uncrowned poet of British imperialism went on chanting the adventures of Tommy Atkins among the lower breeds, as if between these two the fate of empire was finally to be decided. But India now is not England's greatest fear, and the Bear with whom Kipling counselled England to make no truce, is become part of England's hope. England and Germany facing each other across the North Sea feel very acutely that the white man's burden is still—himself.

The finance bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Commons last Thursday, is the technical measure for putting the budget into legal form. The long fight will come, of course, on the third reading. It will probably not be over before September, possibly later. But the new taxes are already being levied. This is one of the peculiarities—we may say, excellencies—of the English financial system. As soon as the budget has passed the report stage, it becomes operative. Only so can the Chancellor of the Exchequer balance his books. Of course, if the finance bill embodying his taxes were later to fail of passing Parliament, the taxes actually collected would have to be repaid. But consider what chaos would follow if the House of Lords were, say next November, to throw out the finance bill. The new taxes would have been paid for nearly nine months, and, supposing that they could be in all cases returned, neither the existing government, nor any that might be formed, could pay its way through the fiscal year. Herein lies a convincing reason for believing that the Lords will not attempt to reject the finance bill. If they would like to do it on political grounds, they would be deterred by cogent financial considerations. It is interesting to note that the official action of the Conservative party was confined to moving that the finance bill be "read a second time upon this day six months." This is the ordinary form of a motion to reject. But both in 1907 and 1908 a Conservative amendment was offered to the finance bill to "broaden the basis of taxation"—that is, to introduce protective taxes. It is at least significant that, this year, with a general election almost certain to come next, Mr. Balfour has not cared to invite a discussion of taxes on food.

The question of Crete which now turns up to plague Europe and the Young Turks, is all the more complicated because both claimants to King Minos's ancient island, Greece and Turkey, can cite legal and moral justification. After nearly three-quarters of a century of almost continuous revolution, Crete received autonomous government in 1898, under a High Commissioner who is now designated by the King of Greece, and under the protection of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia. It was understood that the island was held in trust for Greece, and that annexation would take place as soon as order had been reëstablished and the internal administration was reorganized. With the new Constitution of February, 1907, the work of reconstruction was completed, and in May, 1908, the Powers announced their intention to withdraw from the island. Evacuation was to be completed by the last day of July, 1909. Still, Crete was impatient; on October 7 last the Chamber voted for annexation to Greece, but, acting on the protest of the Turkish government, the protecting Powers promised to take up the question of Cretan independence with the Porte, if peace was maintained on the island. If the Powers had carried out their intention of evacuating Crete, a dangerous situation between Turkey and Greece would have immediately resulted. Recognition of this fact has induced the protecting nations to announce a prolongation of their stewardship.

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INTER-PARTY ALLIANCES.

Senator Aldrich loses no occasion to taunt the Western Republican Senators who will not follow his lead, upon the fact that they are acting with Democrats. They use tariff arguments such as have been common in Democratic mouths; they vote on the Senate roll-calls with Democrats; they are just now entering into a hard-and-fast agreement with the Democratic minority to stand together on the income-tax. How could the proof of party treason be stronger? Was there ever an alliance which so well deserved the name of "unholy"? Of course, Aldrich does not refer to the fact that certain Democrats are found voting with him. The alliance works two ways; but we presume that the Rhode Island Senator would be able to make out a sharp difference. When Democrats forsake their party principles in order to side with the Republican leader, it is only a tribute to his skill and noble patriotism. When Republicans, however, repudiate the beneficent dictation of an Aldrich, they declare themselves at once traitors to their party and enemies of the republic.

The confusion of ideas on this whole subject rises partly from the fact that certain forms of combination between parties are unquestionably abhorrent and harmful. When men strike hands across the party fence to do the behest of politicians, to compass a union for plunder, to band together for the thwarting of good legislation, the grounds for suspicion and for denunciation are good. It was an inter-party alliance of this kind that opposed and harried Gov. Hughes at every step, last winter. Raines and Grady could not have been deeper in each other's confidence, or have played more deftly into each other's hands, if they had been party brothers instead of sworn enemies. But they became friends—just as Herod and Pilate did—out of a common enmity to the good. Such Tammany-Republican agreements have not a word to be said for them. They are based upon no conviction except that the spoils ought to be got for the worst men. In that respect, they are not unlike that other joining of forces between two parties which we have lately seen in Illinois. The Republican majority in the Legislature had long been deadlocked on the question of electing a United States Senator. Finally, enough Democrats abandoned their principles to vote for a high-tariff Republican Senator, who was besides a politician of low type, and the trick was done. No one can defend such inter-party junctions. They have bad faith and midnight bargaining stamped upon them. Yet the odium which properly rests upon such transactions ought not to be visited, as Aldrich would visit it, upon the kind of party cleavage now visible at Washington.

In the first place, no one can accuse those Republican Senators who have broken with the party organization in the Senate, of selfish or unworthy motives. They have nothing to gain except the approval of their constituents and their own consciences. All the sordid temptations are, for these Senators, in the other pan of the scales. They could have made their own terms with Aldrich and Hale. Anything in the way of recognition and promotion, or the right to legislate for their own pockets, they could doubtless have had if they had agreed meekly to follow the directions of the Finance Committee. But they have preferred to make their protest against a blind and ruthless leadership. The fact that this causes them to vote often with Democratic Senators is no indication whatever of an "unholy" alliance. The Democrats are, in this case, both standing by their party professions and doing the legitimate work of the Opposition. With them the dissident Republicans align themselves temporarily, because in no other way can they so emphatically express their sense of outrage at the foolish and obstinate leadership of their own party in the Senate.

Now, such an exhibition as that does not at all call for the hurling of Aldrich's epithets. The provocation ought, rather, to be considered, and the thing aimed at taken duly into the account. What we are seeing is only the historic process by which, under our system of party government, the majority is opposed and checked when it is rushing into wild extremes. Members of the majority, with clearer insight or cleaner conscience than the party leaders of the moment, break way. What happens then? Why, the bad leadership is discredited, as Aldrich's is before the country to-day. The Republican *Tribune* of New York reminds him that "the verdict of an almost united Republican press is against him." In such a plight, there is nothing to do but to make desperate bargains with a corrupt minority, or to prepare to capitulate. There are signs that Aldrich has done both. He has paid a few Democratic Senators their tariff price. Yet so long as the greater part of the minority cleave to their integrity, the tacit alliance between them and the rebelling Republicans is one purely on the basis of principle, and for the public interest. It is not an understanding, or working agreement, based upon the weakness or the treachery of the minority, as was the Grady-Raines combination at Albany. What we have is simply honorable men standing up, at great personal cost, for their convictions. That being so, this inter-party alliance will command respect, and is bound to have important political consequences, even though the heathen in the Senate rage and imagine vain things. The time may yet come when these Republican Senators who withstand the madness of party leadership, will be held in as high honor, and will be judged to have done as great a public service, as those other Republican Senators who broke with their party to prevent the impeachment of President Johnson.

A TRUST HALTERED.

If any thing could further injure the standing of the Sugar Trust, after the revelation of its despicable thievery from the government by falsification of weights, it would be its confession last week in the matter of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Company's suit for damages. That concern had asked for thirty millions of dollars for injury done to it in plain contravention of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it had already begun an action in New Jersey which was to be argued on appeal this week. The Trust contended that a case had not been made out for submission to a jury; that no damages had been proved, and that the adverse decision in New Jersey was a bar to this suit. These contentions found no favor with the judge, and the Trust then decided to settle. The final terms have not yet been announced, but are stated to be $2,000,000, besides the cancelling of the loan and the returning of the securities. There can be no question that in this case settlement is confession of guilt, as Webster argued of suicide.

The closing of the Pennsylvania

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Sugar Refinery by the Trust is as interesting a story of corporation trickery as has seen the light of day. Built in 1903 by Adolph Segal, the Philadelphia real-estate operator, it was at the time of its completion a model refinery, modern in every respect, and superior to any plant possessed by the Trust. Segal had erected it for the express purpose of competing with the Trust, and that he was in position to do so successfully appears from the great interest taken by the Havemeyer concern in the new rival. Segal himself is a remarkable character. Coming to this land twenty-five years ago an almost penniless immigrant, he quickly amassed a fortune, and aided materially the development of Philadelphia by his successful real estate speculations. In the course of time, however, Segal became too much involved, and came to grief financially with the sensational failure in 1906 of the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia, now a party to the suit against the Sugar Trust. The president of the Trust Company committed suicide, and Segal, with two officers of the company, was indicted on forty-one counts for fraud and conspiracy. Not until two years later was Segal able to obtain justice and prove that he was guiltless of any wrongdoing. The receiver of the Trust Company, George H. Earle, jr., now its president, aided him to obtain this exoneration.

At the time when he first found himself in financial straits and needed a loan of $1,250,000 on his new refinery, he received an offer of accommodation from Gustav E. Kissel. Segal, not being aware that Kissel was an agent of the Sugar Trust, accepted the offer, to which was attached the condition that, during the pendency of the loan, the holder of the seven millions of collateral—mostly securities of the new refinery—should name the directors. He had tied up $2,600,000 of stock out of $5,000,000 in a voting trust, and he was in great need of the additional money. Mr. Kissel and three clerks of the Trust were elected directors, only to show at once the meaning of the whole trick. Instead of representing unaffiliated capital, Mr. Kissel was there to do the bidding of the Trust. Its orders were to shut down the plant, and its four dummy directors did its bidding; from that day to this no labor has been employed in the Segal refinery. Its magnificent machinery has lain idle; its buildings have stood silent and empty. But the Trust had been successful in its aim. At a cost of only $1,250,000 it ended all fear of trouble in that quarter, and the failure of the Real Estate Trust Company, with the consequent injury to Segal's reputation and the ensuing legal complications, helped to continue this satisfactory state of affairs.

But there are still courts in the United States, as the Trust has now learned. The much-discussed Sherman Anti-Trust law again proved its value, for it made possible a successful action, and properly defined the base scheme which trapped Segal as an illegal combination in restraint of trade. The outcome thus becomes of national importance; a most powerful concern built up and fortified by grace of the Republican party and its protective tariff—it was Mr. H. O. Havemeyer himself who dubbed the tariff "the mother of Trusts"—is yet amenable to the laws, by a procedure regularly brought without the aid or interference of the government. Not even the ablest legal talent to be obtained could avert the collapse in court, or prevent the Trust's paying heavy damages—its stockholders have had the pleasure of seeing four millions of dollars, or, if the Segal loan is also cancelled, $5,250,000, paid out of the treasury within two or three months to cover the wrongdoing of its officers, high and low.

We have dwelt upon this case because it is typical of the kind of business immorality which made the public accept Lawson's combinations of fact and fiction as unvarnished truths, gave rise to the recent bitter outburst against large corporations, and created for Mr. Roosevelt the opportunity, of which he so readily and skilfully took advantage, to make himself the champion of the people against corporation dishonesty. We confess to being extremely tired of hearing corporation managers blame politicians for the hard times they have been going through. The responsibility is theirs, and theirs alone. So long as the history of the Standard Oil exists, so long as this story of the Sugar Trust remains a written record, the public will believe that the crusaders of the last few years had the right on their side, however crude and mistaken their methods. But we feel almost like apologizing to the Standard Oil for connecting it with the Sugar Trust in any way. Can any other concern have sunk to quite such depths of baseness? It cheated, like the lowest greengrocer, with fraudulent scales; it knocked out a competitor by a low trick. It merits and will receive the contempt of the country.

ROBBING BY LAW.

Gratifying indignation has been displayed by even the high-tariff press at a tricky and thieving Sugar Trust. Cheating the Treasury by false weights, and so, in effect, filching money from every citizen, has been virtuously denounced. But while this robbery against the law has provoked wrath and scorn, open preparations to rob by means of the law stir these protectionist censors to no anger. Yet what is the real difference? How much worse is the moral standing of the man who steals from the public by lying scales, than that of the man who gets his hands into the pockets of his fellows by virtue of the tariff? For our part, we prefer the avowed burglary to sneak-thievery masquerading as patriotism. If a powerful corporation, by dint of political bribery and secret influence, is allowed a "differential," or some other form of special favor, by statute, enabling it to mulct consumers to the tune of $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 a year, we have rather less respect for it, and for the process by which it enriches itself, than for the acknowledged pickpocket or "second-story man."

Names cannot cover up facts or alter morals. If it is disreputable to hire a weigher to falsify records, it is just as disreputable to "see Aldrich" and get your tariff duties "fixed" so that you can lawfully collect tribute from all your countrymen. The latter method is being pursued at Washington amid general applause; but when an unlucky Trust is caught doing practically the same thing lawlessly, we all rise up in horror. But cheating and oppression are what they are, even if legalized. The moral quality of a transaction is not changed by the fact that the unfair appropriation of another man's property may be authorized by act of Congress, and may be called our glorious American system of protection.

There have been exposures in Congress of the knavery of the sugar schedules, really as crushing in their way as the revelations before Judge Holt in court, yet no one gets excited about

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them. They are simply the time-honored ways of cheating the people and calling it protecting infant industries. There is, to the discerning mind, just as much material for moral indignation in the taxes proposed in the woollen schedules, now under debate in the Senate, as in any disclosure of Trust stealing and tyranny ever made. Note, for example, how coolly a discriminating tax is defended which will wipe out a certain class of woollen manufacture. What is the difference between this and shutting up a sugar refinery by financial manipulation? When Mr. Whitman obtained his famous rates on "tops and dress goods," in the tariff of 1897, and got them by subterranean and abhorrent means, in what did his conduct differ from any other form of tapping the Treasury till and robbing the public? It was not, indeed, against the law, but no legalization of fraud can do anything except make it doubly disgraceful.

Not only fraud but heartlessness is written all over the proposed woollen duties. This was glaringly put in evidence during the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee. It was shown that the duties on wool and woollen goods compel the American workingman to pay a needless tax of 35 to 50 per cent. on the clothes he wears, or else to be hoodwinked into buying a coat made of shoddy which will fall in pieces the first time he is caught out in a hard rainstorm. It was proved, moreover, that a great proportion of the people who believe that they are wearing woollen shirts in winter are really wearing garments mostly cotton. Thereupon up spake Representative Crumpacker, a mighty defender of the noble American system of protecting the workingman: "What is the difference if they don't know it?" He might just as well have asked: "What is the difference if the government doesn't know that the Sugar Trust is stealing $2,000,000 in unpaid duties?" The veriest ditcher in England is treated with more decency than our cherished laboring classes. When Reuben Shillabeer crawls out of the water and asks David Bowden for a dry wool shirt, he knows that he will not get a thing nine-tenths cotton. Protection against the weather, protection against pneumonia and tuberculosis—these things go for nothing with our unfeeling protectionist Congressmen. Clap on the prohibitory duties and let the poor go in patches or in cotton—provided "they don't know it"!

Well, they are beginning to "know it" as they never did before. There has been a more thorough showing up in Congress of the essential greed and dishonesty of a protective tariff than we have seen for many a year. The work of the Western Republican Senators who are in revolt against Aldrich, has been of immense value. They have had their constituents and their State newspapers behind them, and the knowledge about tariff iniquities which has been spread abroad in speeches and biting editorial comment and mordant cartoons, has carried new light and provoked new heat. The fundamental nature of the protectionist demand is now better understood than at any former time. That demand is simply that Congress issue to favored individuals or corporations a license to tax—that is, to rob by law. Wealth heaped up by tariff privileges is, indeed, as was declared by Prime Minister Asquith the other day in Parliament, the really offensive "unearned increment." Whatever may be done with the unearned increment in land, the only thing to do with the unearned increment got through protective taxes is to abolish it. Instead of laws to facilitate disguised robbery, it is time that we had some to extinguish it.

SCIENCE AND CULTURE.

The scientist is disappointing some of our humanists, who think him the implacable foe of culture. They have been ranking him but little lower than the crass utilitarian, the pseudo-educator bent on making business colleges out of our high schools. But the scientist will not keep step in that file. President Maclaurin of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology made it clear, the other day, in his inaugural address. Science and culture, he affirmed, must go hand in hand, "science being studied and taught in such a way as to make for that broad and liberal outlook in the world that is the mark of a really cultured man." Here is the humanist's ideal, at least; and if it still leaves undetermined the question whether science alone can effect this kind of culture, we must bear in mind that it was spoken to engineers in a school where the lathes leave scant time for Theocritus. Hearing a plea to such an audience for "an ideal broad enough to form the basis for a sane criticism of life," the humanist should forgive President Maclaurin's very mild thrust at tradition that followed. He did not really turn the phalanxes of science against Greek and Latin, when he said a man need not pursue the "so-called useless studies" for mental discipline and culture, "if he can gain these excellent things in studies that are useful to his calling." Surely, this heavily conditioned remark need make nobody fear for the classics or any of the humanities; they have still the chance to prove their usefulness in training the mind for technical studies. And if President Maclaurin did not choose to say that the classics lay the surest foundation for general culture and even for special technical studies, many of his colleagues in science have done it for him.

Thirty-five of them have sent to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, some significant estimates of the value of Greek and Latin to the nature-student. Their opinions, which Dr. Wiley publishes in the current *School Review*, do much more than support his conclusion that, even in the laboratory, "there is a decided opinion to the effect that a knowledge of the classics is more or less indispensable to one who claims to be a man of culture and education." If these views are at all representative, they disclose a majority sentiment favorable to the tongues of Homer and Horace as "a basis for scientific study and activity." Only seven of the thirty-five deliver an unqualified verdict of "worthless." Two charitably say that all knowledge has some value. Three others think that the languages do not offer a fair return for the time spent in mastering them. Over against these, an even score rate Latin as "valuable" or "essential," while sixteen say the same of Greek. Only fifteen, however, can name some service which the classical languages alone render the scientist; the other five champions apparently suspect that French or German, or, perhaps, mathematics, furnishes, when properly taught, the same useful information and discipline. "What effect," asks Dr. Wiley, "will a fair knowledge of them have upon the pleasures which may be enjoyed?" Five reply that the classics contribute no special pleasure, five others that modern

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languages are more delightful, while fifteen give strong praise.

These verdicts leave the humanist little reason to fear lest wisdom and joy die in a test-tube. Of all ways to culture, the classical tongues are those at which men of modern research are most inclined to look askance. But, as a matter of fact, the outcry against languages, literature, and history is not what it was a few years ago. It may be quite as loud as then, and we fancy it is perhaps shriller; but only because it has been taken up by many self-appointed educational authorities and over-zealous champions of vocational training. The deeper voices are leaving the chorus. When they were struggling for recognition, men of science said many strong things which, having gained their place within the academic fold and having come to face the problem of training young men, they have learned to repent. Culture is not the bogey that it seemed when it stood in their way. If they will not say to-day with Baur, the distinguished chemist: "Give me a student who has been taught his Latin grammar, and I will answer for his chemistry," they will at least stand on the platform just laid down by Attorney-General Wickersham for Lehigh University graduates. With him they perceive that our masters of scientific technique have not been taking the rank they should in our social and political life, because they have locked their doors against the ideals, the imaginations, and even the vicissitudes of mankind; because, in a word, they have sometimes forgotten that the heart of education is still the knowledge of man and not of things. If those masters themselves see this, our humanist need not shudder over Dartmouth choosing a physicist for president.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

Interest in the country-life movement has recently borne fruit, particularly as concerns the country church. Christian forces have been stirred to activity in the work of its regeneration. Theirs is no mean task; for the problem of the rural church is, in a measure, that of the community. It must impress the population flowing into our great centres, and it must also aid in making country life attractive for its own sake. Said the *Outlook* recently: "In influencing the development of country life, no other institution has the opportunity of the country church."

Greatest progress has been made where perplexity is most acute. Though Western rural churches know the path of difficulty, staid New England faces peculiar complications. Long-standing denominational strife, old family prejudices, alien invaders upon historic farms, and all the frictions of New England village life must be overcome. This spring, in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire careful investigation has been completed under varied auspices into rural life, with special reference to the churches. In the New England Country Church Association we have a real move to solve the problem. Organized last August, this body has certain large objectives. Its avowed aim is "the social and economic improvement of the rural community through the agency of the rural church." It includes some of New England's best informed students of rural life, in its president, Professor Carver of Harvard, President Butterfield of Massachusetts Agricultural College, Dr. Wilbert L. Anderson, and others. With hopes of a unified Christianity and a peculiarly trained and adequately paid ministry, this new organization has started upon a campaign of education.

At the first public sessions in Boston recently, Professor Peabody declared that the problem was not to improve the country by measures imitative of city conditions, but to make the former desirable in itself. President Eliot unfolded a possible remedy for the discouraged churches in his plan of endowment, administered under a capable interdenominational commission. These two features, however, endowment and commission, have yet to be worked out; they present no small problem of their own. As a whole, the conference displayed a decided tendency to look upon sectarianism as the basic weakness of the country church, and to find that of the community as a whole in economic conditions.

The day has long since passed in which the country pastor was the village autocrat, and when the leading men in his church were the leaders in the town. The country pastorate has come to be regarded as "a convenient laboratory for the clerical novice or an asylum for the decrepit." The recent graduate from the seminary and the veteran pastor who must remain in harness even in declining years, will seek these lesser parishes. No wonder, then, that the Country Church Association should take up the cause of the country pastor. Last month, under its auspices, a four days' "institute" was held at St. Johnsbury, Vt., attended by representatives of six denominations: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Universalist, and Unitarian. The speakers included officials from Harvard, Yale, and all the leading seminaries of the section. This and a similar gathering at Hartford indicate a realization of the necessity for progress and adaptiveness, even in the smallest communities.

These facts, however interesting, may seem to make little demand upon the average city dweller, but he has his place in the problem. Particularly is this true in the vacation days. In the change to cottage and colony, as distinguished from hotel life, has come an increasing tendency on the part of summer visitors to enter somewhat into the interests about them. In many country, hill, and seashore towns of New England the local church looks forward to the summer season as a time of special prosperity. For these vacation weeks the church rejoices in new faces and enlarged resources. Pews in the old white meeting-house long unused are occupied on Sunday by well-groomed city folk. Social events, the music, the collection-box, all witness to an unusual presence. Yet when the generous guests depart, comes the real test to the little churches. Only a small group is left to frequent these weather-beaten edifices. If the summer friendships could only be continued, it would mean encouragement in the rural routine. The summer visitor has here a real opportunity, not only in practical brotherhood, but in the solution of a national problem.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

We have become accustomed to look every year for a new volume from the veteran Paul Heyse. Age does not seem to impair his amazing productiveness, nor a certain youthful idealism. Compared with the spirit of his work, that of his young contemporaries appears like senile cynicism. "Die Geburt der Venus" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a fair illustration of what seems to be his creed, as it is that of Björnson's Parson Sang: the will to be-

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lieve in what is best in mankind. Others have given us pictures of studio life that may fill the uninitiated with vague horror. Heyse chooses to present the clean rather than the seamy side. There will, of course, be no lack of critics and readers so sophisticated as to doubt the nobility of his hero and his heroine. Yet it is far more likely that an artist model could pose for the birth of Venus without loss of personal dignity than that a young woman deliberately seeking experiences in the maelstrom of modern Berlin could issue from them in stainless purity, as the creators of that much-favored type would have us believe. Yet the new novel of Heyse has its modern features. The sister of his hero is a thoroughly contemporary *Backfisch*, chafing under restraint, and eager to experiment. The question whether ignorance or knowledge of the realities of life is a better safeguard of virtue is touched upon, but the author wisely refrains from offering an answer. There are discussions of problems in art, of morals and religion, but they never interrupt the course of the narrative. The tragic end of the hero relieves the author from venturing upon the well-trodden field of marriage between artist and model. But, though he can be pardoned for making some of his characters faded reproductions of his early favorites, it does seem unpardonable that Heyse should share the chauvinism of his compatriots in making the villain and adventuress of his story foreigners.

The woman portrayed by Anna Reichert in her novel, "Der Roman der Marianne Vanmeer" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin), is a genuine type of an unsettled transition period. She is a character deflected from the line of her natural development through an unfortunate early experience, and doomed to stray on devious by-paths, until by renunciation she arrives at self-realization in art. A highly complex individuality is this Marianne, who, with a vague longing for the fulness of emotional life, couples a cold-blooded curiosity and self-analysis. The record of her experiences is as pathetic as it is repulsive. Set in the frame of modern Berlin, her story acquaints the reader with many fads and freaks affected by a prosperous and sophisticated nation whose natural rationalism has been reinforced by the materialistic tendencies of the age. As a direct transcription of such phases of real life, the book has a place in the history of the morals and manners of the German metropolis.

Hanns von Zobeltitz's "Der heilige Sebastian" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a *mésalliance*, which did not greatly tax his inventive powers. The high-minded young nobleman is as familiar a figure in fiction as the fascinating though vulgar variety actress whom he marries, in spite of his family's opposition. By way of contrast, the author introduces the ideal affection which another woman cherishes for the hero; but the reader who believes that the just should be rewarded and the unjust punished in the world of books, is disappointed to learn that the whole-souled Marga dies of consumption before the ill-assorted couple are legally freed.

Paul Oskar Höcker's story, "Die verbotene Frucht" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is a deviation from the type of fiction which he usually cultivates, and which in Germany is ambitiously styled *Kriminalroman*. There is no crime in this novel to be tracked down by the detective. But does not Emerson say that society resembles police in citizens' clothes? Society has prying eyes, and the compromising situation in which the impulsive heroine places herself by her sympathy for the scapegrace of her husband's family is sufficient to rouse that body of private detectives to feverish activity. They forge a chain of circumstantial evidence most disastrous for her reputation. One is reminded of Echegaray's "Galeotto," as the two people whose names gossip has coupled in the time of their trouble become dear to each other. When long after her divorce the heroine discovers that nothing can convince the world of her innocence, she opens a letter from her supposed lover that she had not intended to read, and the end of the story might lead our Mrs. Grundy to pronounce an emphatic "I told you so."

In their preference for pathological subjects, German authors are rapidly exhausting the ordinary ills of flesh and soul. Now, a newcomer among them has hit upon a disease which superstition was wont to invest with miraculous powers, and which has long baffled medical science. Josef Zytlaun's "Krescenz Bühler" (S. Fischer, Berlin) is a sufferer from catalepsy. As a delicate child she witnessed a brutal scene that left her nerves unstrung, and a fall from a hayloft has made her an invalid. In her rural home among strangers she becomes the object of morbid curiosity. The efforts of the doctor and the priest of the village to unravel the secret of her illness are interesting. Her apparent death and subsequent revival are treated with a certain element of mysticism, but the author has avoided the field of miracles. There is a delicate hint that the invalid, in her vegetative condition, may be possessed of second sight, but lacks the power to express her visions. The author suggests admirably the transcendental atmosphere which envelops his heroine, and makes the robust peasants feel at her death as if they had been delivered from an invisible burden.

It is a relief to turn to a story which presents life under normal conditions. Alfred Bock has the reputation of being one of Germany's best writers of provincial fiction. His new book, "Die Pariser" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), is the story of a peaceful vendetta. The usury of the burgomaster has forced a part of the population of a Hessian village to emigrate. They seek their fortune in Paris, and when by hard work and frugality they have saved considerable sums, they vow to return and have vengeance on the man who had ruined them. The scheme succeeds, but when the man dies, they do not hesitate to show that their hatred has been absorbed by the native kindness of their hearts. There is a delightful love-idyl interwoven with the main plot.

Richard Huldschiner's "Starkenberg" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is a story of mediæval life, full of the brutality and superstitions of a period when the Old World was swept by the scourge of pestilence. Huldschiner handles his material with the poet's imaginative insight and with great dramatic power. Whatever his sources for this story of brotherly feud, of the kidnapping of an innocent girl, and the ravages of the epidemic, he conveys the impression that he has lent a living voice to the old chronicles. Georg von der Gabelentz does not accomplish this end in his novel of Italian history, "Um eine Krone" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). We witness the outward manifestations of the will of the royal Joana of Naples and that forerunner of the Borgias, Durazzo, but we get scarcely a glimpse into their real character.

A story of immediate interest to the foreign immigrant in America is "Das grosse Tor," by Wilhelm Cremer (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The hero comes to this country unprepared for its life of strenuous labor, ignorant of the language, and undecided in his plans. His life in the steerage is painted with a bold realism. His experiences on landing in New York are those of the average newcomer, and are recorded with sincerity. But the inferences which the hero draws from the impressions gathered, mainly on the Bowery, are commonplace and incorrect, though they may express the sentiments of many hundreds of foreigners, who, when they have barely passed the big gate of the New World, are ready to formulate their opinions of America and Americans in terms of bitter disapproval. The hero returns to Germany after a brief stay, one more in the ranks of the type which Kürnberger portrayed in his "Amerikamüde." The redeeming feature of the story is the heroine, who remains, and is one of those foreign immigrants whom one would not like to miss in this conglomerate of nations.

The consummate art of Thomas Mann has set its stamp upon every one of the stories contained in the sixth volume of Fischer's Bibliothek Zeitgenössischer Romane. "Der kleine Herr Friede-

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mann," a hunchback who lives a quiet and resigned life, respected by neighbors and business associates, until a sudden infatuation for a frivolous society woman drives him to suicide, gives the volume its title and its cue. The book deals with morbidly sensitive and morbidly passionate natures. Mann is a psychologist studying types, but his portrayal of them proves that his knowledge is tempered with sympathy. The characters in the book are convincing, with the exception of "Tobias"; to the soul of this solitary the author has failed to furnish the key, and the story is the only one in the volume that suggests a touch of the pathological.

Three volumes by Otto Julius Bierbaum, entitled "Sonderbare Geschichten" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), stand apart as representatives of the grotesque humor in which he reigns supreme. Though shocked by his coarse-grained language, the reader is whirled along by this bacchanalian and riotous fancy. But even in its most factitious exoticism and its most Rabelaisian moods, the humor of Bierbaum is sound at core. It is impossible to read much at a time in these curious stories; but they are a desirable protest against the pathological and the hyper-æsthetic tendencies of most German fiction.

A. VON ENDE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The "Census of Caxtons," by Seymour de Ricci, just distributed to members of the Bibliographical Society, is an admirable piece of work. It is not merely a list of books from Caxton's press, with the names of their present owners, but is a record of the history, so far as traceable, of every existing volume or fragment, with references to examples described in early sales catalogues and elsewhere, which cannot now be located.

The names of early owners are taken chiefly from the fly-leaves of the books or from manuscript notes. No doubt, evidences of such ownership of many copies have been destroyed by modern binders. The subsequent owners are shown by references to sales catalogues, the page and lot number being generally given. The present owner's name is printed in small capitals. The imperfections, presence or absence of blank leaves, and the condition, are next given, then the binding and the size. Then comes the list, in some cases a long one, of untraced copies, many of which are probably identical with copies described more fully under the previous heading. Following is a list of fragments, or single leaves, though this is, admittedly, very incomplete. Preceding these lists and descriptions of copies, there is, for each book, a short general note, giving:

(1.) The exact title of the book, in Caxton's own words and spelling.
(2.) The collation, number of leaves, and signatures, size of the type-page, etc.
(3.) References to Blades's great work on Caxton and to other bibliographical works.

Besides the books printed by Caxton at Bruges and Westminster, there are described three books printed at Bruges after Caxton's return to England, but with his types, two books printed by Guillaume Maynyal at Paris for Caxton, five books printed after Caxton's death by Wynken de Worde, but with his types, and, finally, a single book, John Kay's "The Siege of Rhodes," by an unidentified printer, but with types which may have been Caxton's. In all, there are 111 books and broadsides described, of which exactly 100 were of Caxton's own printing. The frontispiece to the volume is a reproduction of the Flemish engraving prefixed to the Chatsworth copy of the "Recuyell of the Hystoryes of Troye," which is supposed to represent Caxton himself presenting a copy of his book to Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy. There are also ten full-page facsimiles, showing the different types used by Caxton.

In one respect only can we criticise the work. It is unfortunate that the proof-sheets recording the history of books in America (other than Mr. Morgan's, which have been fully described by E. Gordon Duff) were not submitted to some American for revision. Without taking the time to make a minute investigation, we can correct the following errors:

The list of copies of Higden's "Polycronicon," 1482, should be reduced by two, and possibly three others should be added. No. 3 and No. 8 are identical, as are No. 4 and No. 76. The three additional are Bishop Hurst's, but of these, later.

The Towneley-Sykes-Dent-Perkins-Ives copy (De Ricci's No. 8) was not bought at the Ives sale in 1891 by the Boston Public Library. It was bought by a firm of booksellers, by whom it was sold (in 1893) to the Lenox Library, and is identical with De Ricci's No. 3. It is still in the Lenox Library.

Lord Charlemont's copy (untraced by De Ricci, his No. 76) was bought at his sale in 1865 by a New York collector, Almon W. Griswold, for £477 15s. It lacked two leaves, which were supplied by Mr. Griswold, who then sent it to Bedford to bind, telling him not to spare expense in the work. Bedford's bill for £50 for the binding was formerly with the book. But what a pity! The "old oak boards with leather buckle," perhaps put upon the book in Caxton's own workshop, and the old fly leaves, which might have contained records of successive owners, were thrown away! Is there a collector who would do such a thing to-day? Griswold was one of the keenest and most eager collectors of his day. He had been the underbidder on the first folio Shakespeare at the sale of George Daniel's famous library in 1864, letting that book go to Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Courts for £716 2s, four times any previous record on the book, and a price that was not exceeded for more than a quarter century. We may presume that the price paid by him for this Caxton (lacking two leaves) was an equal surprise to his contemporaries. Lord Charlemont's books had been mostly destroyed in a fire at Sotheby's, after they had been catalogued for sale, but this fine Caxton survived. In 1888 Mr. Griswold sold the volume to a New York house, who priced it in a catalogue, dated October of that year, at $6,750. It was purchased by Robert Hoe, and is one of the most prized books in his great library. Its history seems to have been unknown to the compiler of the Hoe catalogue, who says: "Blades records five perfect copies only, some of which are made-up. This one appears to have escaped his notice." Although the Charlemont-Griswold-Hoe copy is a "made-up" copy, it is undoubtedly the finest copy known, having more than two hundred untrimmed leaves. The Hoe copy is De Ricci's No. 4.

There is another error in regard to the "Polycronicon"; the Astor Library copy (now at the Lenox Library building), described by Blades and De Ricci (his No. 6), as perfect, has several leaves in facsimile.

Three very large fragments of the "Polycronicon" were in Bishop John F. Hurst's library, Part IV, sold at Anderson's in March, 1905. Not counting blank leaves, one copy lacked 144 leaves, the second 151 leaves, and the third 239 leaves. A perfect copy has 450 leaves, of which five are blank. The best of the Hurst copies was again sold in one of the Poor sales the past winter.

The fine copy of Gower's "Confessio amantis," 1493, now in the Hoe library, was bought in the Earl of Jersey's sale in 1885 for Mrs. N. Q. Pope of Brooklyn, and passed with other books into Mr. Hoe's collection in 1895. Mr. De Ricci notes only one Caxton (the famous "Morte d'Arthur") as having belonged to Mrs. Pope. He gives the heading "Abby E. Pope," and, mistaking the sex of the owner, says, "His widow sold his library to Robert Hoe." It was shortly after Mrs. Pope's death that her husband sold the library. A somewhat similar error occurs under the heading "Locker-Lampson's collection, at Rowfant." De Ricci says, "Sold in 1905 (?) to Church, who resold part of it to Dodd, Mead & Co." The fact is that these booksellers purchased the library entire and sold it entire to the late Mr. Church, who selected the Shakespeares and such other books as he cared to retain, leaving the rest with them to be sold for his account.

As a contribution to that fascinating subject, the history of book-collecting, this "Census of Caxtons" is one of the most interesting books ever written.

Correspondence.

A NEW PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial, "The People Losing a Weapon," in the issue of the *Nation* for May 20, clearly sets forth the unfortunate condition of our politics resulting from the practical disintegration of the Democratic party and the consequent loss to our political life of a true opposition.

It is evident to one who studies the signs that one of those upheavals that from time to time disturb the orderly course of events is imminent. This is presaged by the present state of affairs political, of which the most suggestive features are:

(1.) The apparently unassailable position of the Republican party.

(2.) The apparently hopelessly impotent condition of the Democratic party.

(3.) The abandonment by the Democratic party of its principles and its adoption of principles which it has been supposed to be opposing.

(4.) The fact that political and economic

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lines are not drawn the same as party lines, and the existence of radical factions in both parties that are much closer to each other than they are to the conservative faction in their own party, and

(5.) The existence of conservative factions in each party which, while having less resemblance to each other than the radical wings have, are more sympathetic toward each other than to the other faction of their own party.

What is more probable than that a new political alignment will take place based on conservative and radical lines? This seems to be the natural division of parties. A little examination of conditions will show that a new party, or a reorganization of the Democratic party, can be made along such lines that will put new vigor into our political life.

I expect this movement to arise within the radical faction of the Democratic party, meaning those who believe in progressive legislation based on the old principles of Democratic faith, and not faddists, socialists, or mere opportunists, whose only idea is to regain or retain office. The cardinal Democratic principles which must be considered for the new party are:

Strict Construction of the Constitution.
States' Rights.
Economy and Efficiency in Government.
A Low Tariff, and
What may be termed broadly as Opposition to all Special Privileges.

(1.) The first of these principles has ceased to be sufficiently alive to cause dissension. But as it affects the policy of internal improvements, "imperialism," extension of Federal power, and some similar questions, it still has vitality.

(2.) States' rights under the old guise of State sovereignty has ceased to live, except in the hearts of a few irreconcilables. But as representing local self-government in opposition to extension of Federal control, it should be a cardinal principle of any new party that rises from the ashes of the Democracy.

(3.) Economy and efficiency of government are strictly in accord with Democratic principles, are not opposed to Republican principles, and will be a mighty factor if consistently upheld. It means a small and efficient army, all of whose members, officers as well as soldiers, are expected to attend to their strictly military duties; a small and effective navy; abandonment of expensive and useless outlying possessions; civil service reform carried to its ultimate bounds; a careful watch on our expenditures in a thousand and one ways such as those above outlined and in pension bills, river and harbor bills, and building canals.

(4.) A tariff for revenue is the true Democratic doctrine, but the protective principle has become so firmly established of late years, owing to the lack of an effective opposition, that it would unquestionably be more expedient to advocate a substantial reduction of tariff duties rather than an abandonment of the protective principle.

(5.) And the last tenet will command a very large support as the feeling is growing stronger every year that there are too many special privileges recognized and even protected by the government. The new party must oppose all forms of privilege. It must represent the people, not the common people or the uncommon people. The Republican party represents the rich, and there is growing up a Labor party and a party of the proletariat. The new party must take all the American people for its *clientèle*.

Direct primary elections and perhaps other similar or even more advanced methods, will doubtless appeal to the new party, since to develop its greatest strength it must keep close to the people.

If the above lines are followed it is believed by the writer that a live party can be created, which will create enthusiasm, attract adherents, and which will have a long and successful career, because it will be based on living principles. It will reanimate all politics by creating an effective opposition; it will cause its opponents to see the need of reforms that they have heretofore opposed; it will be the means of forcing its opponents to do many things it cannot itself accomplish.

There is nothing in the policy outlined above that would prevent progressive Republicans from supporting the party that adopts it. Indeed, it is nearer to the principles of those Republicans than is the policy of the Republican party itself.

WM. P. MALBURN.

Denver, Col., May 26.

A RETREAT FROM MARATHON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Χαίρετε, Νικᾶτε! The whole theory of pure Browningesque invention for the Marathon run falls breathless, as is clearly shown by the replies to my letter printed in the *Nation* of May 27.

Among the works of reference to be corrected or completed to this effect are apparently all the Browning hand books. See at least G. W. Cooke's, p. 290 ("This part of the poem is probably original"), where Mrs. Orr and Symons are cited as if in agreement. If the old Pauly Reallexikon knew anything of all this, the Smiths failed to "lift" it into English, and so excellent a school manual as Lübker was silent, down to 1882. The essay mentioned in my previous letter is reprinted in the "Boston Browning Book," and the present retraction covers the same error there (p. 386.).

It may still be worth noting, that only a probable surmise as yet identifies Philippides, the runner of Marathon so named first by Lucian, with Pheidippides, the courier to Sparta. The fatal run itself was apparently believed in as early as 300 B. C. (Heracleides Ponticus apud Plutarch), and there may be an earlier passage still to offer. The multiplicity of names may be partly because Philippides or Pheidippides looks like a mere patronymic (from which Nepos drops the ending) rather than a true individual name. Until further evidence is offered, Lucian, a very late author, is the first who in any way suggests that the two runners were the same person.

But as for Herodotus the *argumentum ex silentio* still seems safer than usual. If, sixty years after the battle, any such tale had been current, surely the chronicler would have heard it from his Athenian friends, and used it to gild his rather meagre record of the first Persian invasion. The late appearance of so picturesque a story stamps it as probably a poetic or mythic invention.

Browning apparently added the artistic and ethical link—uniting the two incidents. Pan promised the runner "A worthy reward . . . release from the racer's toil." But the god's prophetic word is as usual ill-understood. Not ease, long life, "children close to my knees," was meant, but instant death on the crest of supreme achievement. Herodotus puts into Solon's mouth a similar tale of Cleobis and Biton, which seems to have influenced Browning powerfully.

This is not properly a proof of a melancholy view of life. The early martial lyric also emphasizes the fitness of heroic death in youth for fatherland and honor's sake. Not that life is less, but victory more precious; and a supreme success is so rare that man may well be content with one such day, or even fear to mar its glory, as Miltiades so soon did, if he lives on. Yet even the Herodotean Solon had given the *first* prize of happiness not to the dutiful and short-lived youths, but to the patriarch Tellos, borne by sons and son's sons to a hero's grave.

And the prize must be worth the price. Once Pheidippides runs to save Athens, and again to bring exultation, before the dreaded night descends, to myriads of affrighted hearts, though his own should burst.

But—μηδὲν ἄγαν. For an ordinary test of speed the stadion was severe enough, and eight or ten furlongs was already a long-distance race. To send striplings or even young lads, on a nine-league race as a mere amusement, is most un-Hellenic. So much may still be maintained; our deadly "Marathon race" has no classical origin nor modern justification. W. C. LAWTON.

Scranton, Pa., June 7.

MR. BURBANK'S WORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for May 27 mention is made of Jordan and Kellogg's "Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work," and the reviewer wonders that so unsatisfactory a story had been put forth, and asks why the real case is not more clearly stated.

The fact is, as Messrs. Jordan and Kellogg so well know, there is no "science" or "scientific aspect" to Mr. Burbank's work. They have made the best story that could be made in the case. Until the newspaper writers got hold of some of Burbank's accomplishments and exploited them reporter-like, neither Burbank nor any one for him had ever claimed he had anything to do with science. He was merely a selecter of what seemed to him best, and that was all. He would sow 100 or 1,000,000 seeds of a given sort, and when they grew he would select 1 or 10 or 50 of the plants that looked the best and most robust, and would then bring them into flower or fruit so as to get an article that was superior to the original. He called this cultivation "educating the plant," and had no idea that he was more than a simple selecter. (I am not referring to his hybrids; he did hybridize, as many others have, and by that means got crosses as hundreds of other people have done.) The newspaper reports took up the selective part of the work and on that have given him fictitious reputation. Mr. Burbank in the beginning was not to blame for this, as it was not only done without his consent but in despite of his protests. Now, however, he may be

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to blame in so far as he has not publicly repudiated the error. He has suffered in the eyes of scientists for apparently endorsing what he and they know to be a fraud. JACOB THOMPSON.

Chicago, June 1.

ONE PHASE OF IMPERIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a meeting of the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, May 29, the subject of discussion appears to have been the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Gorham D. Gilman, according to a report in the Boston morning papers of Monday, May 31, said:

The most serious question now is, whether the Hawaiian people are capable of self-government. It is doubtful if a legislature composed of them would be able to enact proper laws at present; but I believe this problem can be worked out in time.

The Rev. C. F. Dole, the chief speaker of the evening, touched upon one phase of the Hawaiian question, being thus reported:

A serious difficulty noted by Dr. Dole was that concerning the liquor law. It had worked well for one year, but an attempt to change it in favor of the saloons was made in the Legislature last winter by white men. The Hawaiian native members of the House, however, stood together against the change, and it was defeated.

Are the white men in Hawaii yet fit for self-government?

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., June 4.

Notes.

A fourth volume has been added to the works of George Eliot in The World's Classics (Henry Frowde), containing "Scenes of Clerical Life."

The excellent two-volume edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, edited for the Oxford Press by Thomas Hutchinson, has now been issued within a single pair of covers, printed on thin paper. The type is clear and the general form agreeable.

B. W. Huebsch has secured the American rights of Sudermann's novel "Das hohe Lied," and will publish a translation of it in the autumn, under the title of "The Song of Songs."

Some time this summer the Scribners will bring out "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women," by Francis Gribble, a companion volume to his studies of Rousseau and George Sand.

Next month A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish a life of the inventor of the Harvester, under the title "Cyrus Hall McCormick, His Life and Work," written by Herbert N. Casson.

Grant Richards of London has ready a volume of "New Poems," by Madison Cawein of Kentucky. Mr. Cawein's poetry is probably better known in England than it is in this country.

We are to have, in the autumn, another library of selections from the great prose writers, to be called "The Best of the World's Classics." The editor-in-chief is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and the work will be published in ten volumes, by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces two historical works for publication next autumn, which promise to be interesting: "The Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," by Walter Sichel, based on a large amount of new material; and "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth, Told in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby.

Lemcke & Buechner announce a new Propyläen-Ausgabe of Goethe's Sämtliche Werke to be completed in forty volumes of about 500 pages each, to be issued at the rate of seven volumes a year. All that Goethe meant to be printed will be included, together with a representative selection from his letters and diaries. The text, based on the Weimar edition, will be edited by competent scholars and arranged in chronological order.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. of Cleveland, O., announces for autumn publication a ten-volume series entitled "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," upon which the American Bureau of Industrial Research and the Carnegie Institution of Washington have been engaged for a number of years. The series will comprise a Preface by Prof. Richard T. Ely; an Introduction by Prof. John B. Clark; Vols. I-II, "Plantation and Frontier," by Prof. Ulrich B. Phillips; Vols. III-IV, "Labor Conspiracy Cases, 1806-1842," by Prof. John R. Commons and Prof. Eugene A. Gilmore; Vols. V-VI, "Labor Movement, 1820-1840," by Prof. Commons and Helen R. Sumner, Ph.D.; Vols. VII-VIII, "Labor Movement, 1840-1860," by Professor Commons; Vols. IX-X, "Labor Movement, 1860-1880," by Professor Commons and Dr. John B. Andrews. Volume X will also include an exhaustive Analytical Index.

The "Concordance to Wordsworth," which has been in preparation for the Concordance Society, is now virtually finished, though as yet no definite steps have been taken to secure its publication. The work has been done under the direction of Prof. Lane Cooper of Cornell University, with the help of over forty collaborators. The text is based upon that of Hutchinson's Oxford Wordsworth, supplemented by the editions of Nowell Smith and Knight. For the most part, the quotations have not been transcribed, but cut out and mounted from the printed page. This ought to insure a high degree of exactness in such matters as punctuation and the use of capital letters. Only the commonest words, particles and the like, have been omitted. In all, there are about 200,000 entries. It may surprise some persons to learn that in Wordsworth's poetry the references to *man*, and similarly to *mind*, are considerably more numerous than those to *nature*.

The Bibliographical Society will meet at Bretton Woods, N. H., July 3. Its programme is as follows: "Address of the President," William Coolidge Lane, librarian of Harvard University; "Some Bibliographical Puzzles in Elizabethan Quarto Plays," Prof. George P. Baker, Harvard University; "English Dictionaries before Webster," Percy W. Long, Springfield, Mass.; "Calendaring of Manuscripts," Worthington C. Ford, Massachusetts Historical Society; "Bibliographical Progress in Italy," A. Fanti, Library of Congress.

No. 4,000 of the Tauchnitz Edition is set apart in that series as a Memorial Volume, and is devoted to "American Literature." It has been prepared by Theodore Stanton in collaboration with members of the faculty of Cornell University, it is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Roosevelt, and an American edition has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. As the title indicates, it is a "Manual," and, although some competent criticism is to be found in its pages, it will doubtless be chiefly used for purposes of occasional reference. Even for a book of its kind, it is exceptionally lavish in names, titles, and dates, which seem to be given with commendable accuracy. There is also a full index. The only purchaser who, we should think, might have a right to complain of the volume is a would-be student of our literary evolution. After Mr. Stanton has condensed in five sections the volumes on colonial and revolutionary literature by the late Moses Coit Tyler, the Cornell collaborators take up the nineteenth century in six sections, beginning with the historians and ending with the journalists. Thus one reads of Parkman before hearing of Cooper, and Henry James, jr., precedes his father—except in the index. Even within the sections themselves one's sense for chronology is occasionally shocked. For example, the treatment of Lanier as a poet precedes that of Longfellow. This seems to be due to some respect for the points of the compass, but not even those irreproachable guides are consistently followed. Such matters of arrangement do not, however, greatly disturb some readers, and they do not detract, thanks to the index, from the considerable value of the book as a work of reference. It should be added that a positive announcement is made in these pages that Henry Adams wrote the novel "Democracy," and that the late John Hay wrote "The Bread-Winners."

Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason has produced in "The Spell of Italy" (L. C. Page & Co.) an entertaining book. It is more than the travel notes of an enthusiastic foreigner; for Mrs. Mason had evidently prepared herself by reading to see and enjoy much. She stayed long enough in the chief places to get more than a hasty impression of them; she made interesting acquaintances from whom she drew information about present conditions; and she has a level head. Her book may be recommended to readers who desire something less impersonal than Baedeker, and less prolix than most of the histories. They will find told here briefly, for instance, the story of St. Francis and of St. Catherine of Siena, and of many more. A large number of well-chosen half-tones help the reader to visualize the text.

Oliver Maddox Hueffer has compiled a chatty collection of anecdotes about witches and the superstitions connected with them, which he entitles "The Book of Witches" (John McBride Co.). It has no pretensions to thoroughness, and is disfigured by a superficial introduction on the possible revival of witchcraft, mixing up "Leo Taxil's" inventions about the revival of Satanism in Paris with the much more significant survivals of belief in witches among the peasant-folk of to-day. The arrangement of the book is confusing. History and analysis have been mixed up in haphazard order,

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while the rather pretentious bibliography includes works of fiction and Blackstone's commentaries, yet omits Soldan, the standard book on the subject. Altogether, the book cannot be commended for any thoroughness of treatment, but is fairly readable and amusing.

The need of an annual bibliography in which shall be registered all books and articles, of any value or importance, relating to American history and published in a given year, has been acutely felt by many investigators. Yet the effort to provide such a bibliography has met with many discouragements. Continental countries have little difficulty in providing such an apparatus for the use of students and readers, but publishers in America seem to feel that such an undertaking is likely to be most conspicuous on the wrong side of the balance sheet. Even the American Library Association and the Carnegie Institution of Washington failed to continue a work of this character which each had begun. Therefore, it has been left to private coöperation, a very uncertain form of support and only rarely permanent, to take up the matter. Six individuals and ten historical societies raised a fund sufficient to guarantee the publication of annual volumes for five years, from 1907 to 1911, inclusive. The first volume under the new management has already appeared, covering the output for 1906, and the second volume is announced for immediate publication. The chief editor is Miss Grace Gardiner Griffen, who has done her work admirably. The entries, nearly 3,500 in number, cover books, pamphlets, and articles in periodicals, and are frequently accompanied by notes and comments. There is ample room for a publication of this kind, and it should receive adequate popular support. ("Writings on American History," 1906, the Macmillan Co.).

Rather more than half of William P. Pickett's "The Negro Problem: Abraham Lincoln's Solution" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is taken up with a preliminary survey of the condition of the negro in the United States. Aside from its merits as an orderly and not too vehement presentation of facts and arguments, this part of the book may be dismissed without comment, further than to say that it expounds frankly, and without novelty, the radical Southern view of the negro as hopelessly inferior to the white, incapable of assimilation or even of satisfactory adjustment, and as the baleful source of political, social, and economic disturbance. For most of the numerous "solutions" thus far proposed, including that of industrial education, Mr. Pickett has but little respect, since, to his thinking, their main premises are erroneous. The remedy which he extracts from Lincoln's writings, and to the exposition and defence of which he consecrates more than two hundred and fifty solid pages, is colonization, preferably in South or Central America, San Domingo, or Africa, at the expense and under the protection of the United States. When a writer has thoroughly convinced himself, that the deportation of some ten millions of persons, at a cost to the nation of several hundred millions of dollars—Mr. Pickett proposes an initial appropriation of a hundred million as a "flyer"—is within the bounds of practicability, argument *contra* is obviously useless. What can be added to the century of discussion that has already been wasted? We venture only the remark that the American Colonization Society, though long in a state of innocuous desuetude, is still in existence and might well, perhaps, be consulted.

A commission connected with the Municipal Archives of Bordeaux is the patron of the new monumental edition of "Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne" (Paris, H. Champion). The editor is Prof. F. Strowski of the university faculty, famous for his great work on Pascal. The second volume of the Essays (668 pages, 25 francs) has appeared.

In handy editions of extracts from voluminous elder writers, of whom everybody should know something, we have "Pages choisies" of Fontenelle (Armand Colin), and "Helvétius" in the "Plus belles pages" collection (Mercure de France), both properly edited with introduction, notes, and bibliography.

Doris Gunnell, an Englishwoman, has done original work in her doctor's thesis at the Sorbonne—"Stendhal et l'Angleterre" (322 pages, Charles Bosse). The book chronicles all that can be ascertained, mainly from Stendhal's copious notes and letters, concerning his visits and friends, Byron and Brougham, Lady Morgan, and Miss Clarke and Sutton Sharpe, with his own curious views on people, politics, taste, and defects.

Auguste Filon, in his new edition of "Mérimée et ses amis," publishes a bibliography of his hero's complete work, drawn up by the late Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul and revised by F. Chambon, librarian of the University of Paris.

That inexhaustible author, Remy de Gourmont, publishes a third series of his "Promenades littéraires," with Huysmans (personal recollections), Chateaubriand, Brunetière, the Romantics, and others back to the *Libertins* and Cyrano de Bergerac (Mercure de France).

Count Joseph de Mailath, introduced by Professor René Henry of the École des Sciences politiques, publishes "La Hongrie rurale, sociale, et politique" (Alcan). The veteran Pacifist, Frédéric Passy, in his advanced old age, finds energy to prepare the notes and documents of yet another volume, "Pour la Paix" (Fasquelle).

Two handbooks of great value to students of French contemporary history are among the new publications. "Éléments et notions politiques de droit" is by Henri Michel, a Paris magistrate; he treats of the judicial organization of France, procedure, the jury, civil law, marriage and divorce, contracts, notarial acts, etc. (A. Colin). "L'Administration de la France" (Perrin), by Henri Chardon of the Conseil d'État, explains "functionaries"—in the public services, those attached to government, and 800,000 others—with the general regulation of the different administrations, and the necessity of a rational and democratic organization of all such services. The present year, with its postmen's strike, has shown how burning such questions are in France of to-day.

In "La Caverne," Ray Nyst, whom we take to be a Belgian scholar, has set out to depict, in a form approaching fiction, the beginnings of human society on the European continent. He has gone about his task conscientiously. His title page informs us that we are about to read the "picturesque story of a human family of twenty-nine persons, girls and boys, big and small, during the epoch of luxuriant tertiary forests and mild seasons in Central Europe." A formidable piece of scientific apparatus in the form of a critical introduction prepares us for the narrative proper, which is largely a re-statement of the facts in concrete and somewhat imaginative detail. For an amateur novelist M. Nyst does very well indeed. By emphasizing the close ties that bind his primitive man to brute creation, he succeeds only the more in concentrating our attention upon the process of human growth that went on in cavern and tree-top. Something of the ancient sacred pity and wonder is stirred in us when our writer represents the she-bear and the human female so apparently close together, yet called by mysterious forces to such vastly separated destinies. What Becker did for the ancient world in "Gallus" and "Charicles," M. Nyst has done effectively for Eoanthropos. (London: David Nutt.).

Not since the publication of Haym's touching story of his long, hard struggle through poverty and revolution, up to his position of honor and influence at Halle, has there appeared in Germany a work of biographical interest equal to that of Friedrich Paulsen's "Aus meinem Leben" (Jena: Eugen Diedrichs). Unfortunately, it is but a fragment of the entire autobiography planned by the famous Berlin professor, covering only the period from birth through his first years as a docent. Two things make the work unusually valuable: the trying experiences of Paulsen, himself later a leading authority on German universities, with the formation of the higher educational system, and the frank and delightful narrative of a life begun in a peasant's cottage and continued, for a while, amid lowly but healthful country surroundings. There is no disposition to hide or tone down the past; Paulsen rejoices in his homely origin, and finds naïve pleasure in telling his readers all about it. "I grew up in a genuine peasant cottage," he says, "was taken into the school by an excellent teacher, and prospered in a light-hearted community and society." He describes his parents and grandparents, of good old Frisian stock, recalls the memories of early childhood, the games and companions and the first school he attended, and in two or three chapters gives a picture of the housekeeping of that time, with the work outside and within the peasant's cottage. All these reminiscences of the more personal side of Paulsen's life are made doubly interesting by the illustrations of his birthplace and home, with portraits of his parents in their Frisian garb, and of Paulsen himself as a boy, as a docent in 1877, and as he appeared near the end of his life. Paulsen was a good observer, and had a vein of rich humor; he deplored many of the changes going on in society to-day, and evidently wished, in this work, to raise up a monument to a past that is steadily fading away.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale died on Thursday of last week at his home in Roxbury, Mass. He was born in Boston, where the Parker House now stands, on April 3, 1822. His grandfather, Enoch Hale, was a brother of Capt. Nathan Hale of tragic Revolutionary fame. His father, Nathan

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Hale, was a man of liberal education, and great public spirit; a civil engineer, and also the editor and proprietor of the Boston *Advertiser*. The story of Edward's childhood, youth, and early training is told in his "New England Boyhood." Something must certainly be deducted from his depreciation of both the Boston Latin School and Harvard College as he found them from 1831 to 1839, but his account of them is interesting, and one that will serve to give the *laudator temporis acti* needful pause. For all marking systems and examinations he had great contempt. Clearly he was apt at learning, and, though not a Franklin-Medal boy at the Latin School, he entered Harvard without conditions midway of his fourteenth year. A distaste for regular studies and conventional methods which is strongly reflected in his "New England Boyhood," prevailed against his entering the Divinity School. From 1839 until 1846 he enjoyed a varied experience of work and study. In 1846 he became a minister of the Second Unitarian Church, in Worcester, Mass., then newly organized and called the Church of the Unity. He remained in Worcester ten years, and in 1856 accepted the charge of the South Congregational Church in Boston, and held it for the remainder of his life, availing himself of the services of an assistant minister from 1886 onward. Early in his ministry he took a high rank in the Unitarian fellowship. His presence was commanding; his guttural voice extremely powerful and impressive, with a wide range from the most gentle to the harshest notes; his sermons ethical in their substance, and vivid in their style. The theological differences among Unitarians had little interest for him except as endangering "the unity of the spirit," and his chosen part was to manifest a liberality which included both extremes. He was Dr. Bellows's right-hand man in the formation of the National Unitarian Conference in 1865, and was the first secretary of that organization, and more than once the president of its council, retiring finally in 1893, when the long controversy concerning the theological terms of the constitution came to an end. Neither to repudiate Christianity nor to define it was the position to which he held throughout the long debate.

To the public at large Dr. Hale was better known as a writer of general interest than as a clergyman. From first to last he published nearly fifty books of different kinds—volumes of sermons, novels, social, and historical works. In the realm of fiction his success was much greater with the short story than with the elaborate novel. Two of his shorter stories stand out from all others, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Double, and How He Undid Me." The former was probably the most popular short story written in America. It first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1863, and gave effective expression to the patriotic temper of the time, but some have thought that it goes near to teaching the doctrine, "Our country, right or wrong." Many at first imagined the story to be a veritable history, and several who had known the hero endeavored to set the author right in some of his details. "My Double, and How He Undid Me" was merely a piece of excellent fooling. Of books midway between stories and novels Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One Is Ten" (1870) and "In His Name" (1874), have been the most widely read. The former showed how fast a social benefit might spread if every individual should help ten others, or ally himself with them, and the ten do as they had been done by. He was one of the preachers of Harvard and one of its Board of Overseers. He was at one time editor of the *Christian Examiner*, and he originated and edited the *Old and New Magazine* much to his own financial detriment, and that of those associated with him in the enterprise. He became chaplain of the Senate December 14, 1903. The selection was made at the instance of Senator Hoar, who had been his lifelong personal friend. During the greater time of his term of office Dr. Hale used Senator Frye's committee room as an office. As long as he was able to do so, Dr. Hale made it a practice to visit the Senators at their seats, and he was personally known to all of them.

Moses King, publisher and author of "King's Handbook of the United States," "King's Handbook of New York," and a dozen other similar publications, died in New York, June 12, at the age of fifty-six. He was born in London and came to America at the age of five years.

George Webb Appleton, the dramatist and novelist, died on Saturday at his home in Highgate, London. He was born in New Jersey in 1845. He travelled extensively in Europe, was newspaper correspondent in Paris and Rome, and founded the lecture bureau system in England. "The Blue Diamond Mystery," a novel, and the plays "The Co-respondent" and "Zana" are among the better known of his productions.

Dr. Benjamin Lawton Wiggins, vice-chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., died at his home there Monday. Dr. Wiggins was born in Sand Ridge, S. C., in 1861, and received his primary school education at the old Porter Academy in Charleston. After leaving there he went to the University of the South, where he was graduated with the degree of master of arts in 1882. After a post-graduate course of two years at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Wiggins returned to the University of the South, taking the position of associate professor of Greek, and later becoming full professor. In 1893 he was elected vice-chancellor of the institution. He was active in the affairs of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association in securing safeguards against professionalism and in purifying student athletics.

The death is announced in his seventy-first year of George Robert Elsmie, at one time assistant commissioner in the Punjab, judge in the Chief Court, 1878-85, and financial commissioner, 1887-93. He published a number of books, including: "Epitome of Cabul Correspondence" (1864), "Notes on Peshawar Crime" (1884), "Lumsden of the Guides" (1899), "Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart" (1903), and "Anne Shepherd of Elsmie" (1904).

From Sydney comes news of the death of the Rev. Dr. James Egan Moulton, the well-known Methodist apostle to Tonga, brother of Dr. R. G. Moulton, professor of English literature at Chicago University, of the late Rev. Dr. William Fiddian Moulton, one of the revisers of the Bible, and of Sir J. Fletcher Moulton, late lord justice of appeal. His great work was the translation of the Bible into the Tongan language. He was born near Newcastle, England, on January 14, 1841, was educated at Kingswood, and went to Tonga about 1864. The translation of the Bible occupied him some twenty-five years. He also compiled a hymnal in Tongan, and provided a voluminous literature in translations and original works. Dr. Moulton left Tonga in 1889, and went to Sydney, where he was for a long time president of Newington College.

Dr. Karl Lohmeyer, professor of history at the University of Königsberg, has died, at the age of sixty-six. He was a notable example of success in life, despite a physical handicap, as he was born without arms. Among his publications are "Geschichte von Ost- und Westpreussen," "Herzog Albrecht von Preussen," and "Geschichte des Buchdrucks und des Buchhandwerks im Herzogtum Preussen."

From Munich comes the report of the death of the Catholic historian, Johannes Nepomuk Sepp, at the great age of ninety-two. He has to his credit a long list of works in German, Oriental, and religious history, but was known to the wider public for his opposition to the influence of the famous Lola Montez in the Bavarian university in the time of Ludwig I.

THE WESTWARD PATH.

The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.75 net.

This book, the chapters of which were originally contributions to the *Outlook*, is, as might be expected, buoyant, vigorous, and optimistic. Mr. Bruce is well-satisfied with what we have done and very cheerful over our prospects, and to read him is an encouragement to hope; but his work shows lacks and lapses which disappoint, and we cannot altogether trust his guidance.

First, it is odd that, in treating the Romance of American Expansion, he makes no mention of what is the most picturesque circumstance connected with it, namely, that it is but an incident in a vast ethnic movement, beginning far back in prehistoric times, and having for its theatre the Eastern as well as the Western hemispheres. Fifty years ago, Max Müller and his fellow-scholars talked with great confidence of a primeval race, the Aryans, living among the highlands of central Asia, whose language it had been so far possible to recover that we could know with some definiteness the material civilization they had attained and the features of their intellectual and spiritual life. This primitive hive-swarming sent its multitudes southward into India, and also westward in successive swarms into Europe; at last, Greek, Latin, Celt, Teuton, and Slav, becoming fixed each in its European habitat, and history now beginning, the impulse westward, active since the days of the early

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world, drives the Aryans across the Atlantic, to repeat in America the rude displacement of aboriginal tribes, a process going on throughout the entire long march from the original home at the feet of the Himalayas. While scholars at present talk with much less confidence than once of Aryan origins and relationships, dismissing as quite unascertained the position of the first Aryan home and holding as most shadowy all speculations as to early Aryan culture and migration, nevertheless the evidence is good of a migratory movement originating in the remotest past, in general a pouring westward, of which the European overflow into America beginning with Columbus is only a continuation. The march of Aryan empire has in later days been quickened by the subjugation of natural forces; it is, however, but a repeating of what has gone before—Latin, Teuton, Celt, and Slav, now under Anglo-Saxon leadership and organization, advancing to the possession of the continent, and later to the islands of the sea. This mighty prelude to American expansion is full of romance, and more. The story of it needs to be borne in mind in order to understand the inevitableness of the advance. It has been gathering momentum—as the result of an unrest that has prevailed since remote antiquity. Mr. Bruce should certainly have found room for some mention of this as making American expansion properly intelligible.

In Mr. Bruce's preface we find the statement: "From beginning to end there is little to regret and much to admire in the story of American expansion." As regards what we have come to possess, we think the country generally is well satisfied to have the gains made within North America securely in our hands; but will the national conscience allow the claim that in making these gains we have done little to regret? In our treatment of the Indians has there been no century of dishonor? or are we ready to accept the comfortable doctrine that the superior race may rightfully sweep away the inferior race. that what we have done has been done on other continents by our forebears from time immemorial, and that for the blackness of darkness we are substituting sweetness and light? It has been confidently asserted that the number of Indians has scarcely diminished since the coming of the whites, that however great their sufferings at the hands of the whites, the tribes inflicted upon each other far greater sufferings; that sparse handfuls of savage humanity, roaming over but by no means occupying a territory, had no rights which civilized newcomers were bound to respect. But can we rest quite easy in this view?

Coming to the acquisition of Louisiana, Mr. Bruce maintains the usual American conception. The central figure in the transaction was, in his opinion, Jefferson, a "nationalistic" statesman in a large sense. He declares it wrong to suppose that Jefferson's "share in the purchase was purely fortuitous, and that in acting as he did he merely pursued a policy of opportunism, founded upon what he perceived to be the will of the people. On the contrary, the Louisiana Purchase meant to him the realization of a long and ardently cherished desire." A more correct view of the acquisition of Louisiana is that it came about through French statesmanship; the initiative was with Napoleon, Jefferson and his negotiators being secondary figures in the transaction. So far from having labored for such an acquisition, no American, except possibly Livingston, had dreamed of it as a thing possible or desirable at that time. "There is nothing to show," says Mr. Bruce, speaking of the offer of Louisiana by Napoleon, "that it had been anticipated and that Monroe and Livingston carried secret instructions authorizing them to accept it." There is nothing to show, he might just as truly have said, that Jefferson or any other man had anything but vague ideas of a national expansion in some remote future and over territory quite undefined; or that Jefferson had at the moment any thought except of the mouth of the Mississippi and the country to the east. As a matter of fact, Jefferson, in his intercourse with the travellers Ledyard, Michaux, and Lewis, before 1803, thought of nothing more than scientific and commercial advantages; and when the news came of what Napoleon had led his envoys into, he was confounded and distressed, feeling that the Constitution sanctioned no such transaction, that a population was about to be turned over to the United States without being consulted, in violation of democratic right, and that, in general, calamity, rather than benefit, would very possibly result from it to the country at large. If ever in American affairs an event has been fortuitous, such was the acquisition of Louisiana; if ever an American statesman has played the rôle of an opportunist, that did Jefferson in 1803. When Thiers, in the "History of the Consulate and the Empire," considers the alienation of Louisiana from France, he remarks: "The United States are indebted for their birth and for their greatness to the long struggle between France and England." We are not concerned here to inquire whether or not the fact that she had France for an enemy made it impossible for England to subdue the Thirteen Colonies. Whoever ponders a book like Charlemagne Tower's "French Alliance" will see reason in the claim that, without the French soldiers, fleets, and money, we never could have succeeded. As to the greatness of the United States, however, the doubling of our area by the western half of the Mississippi Valley was a Napoleonic *coup*, by which we profited, but in bringing about which we had no hand. To exalt Jefferson into a prominent place in the affair is, to use an adjective of Mr. Bruce's, a "rashfull" proceeding. Rashfull means, if it means anything, to be full of rash, and the rash we encounter here is an eruption of the American self-sufficiency that refuses to see how far our fate has been shaped on foreign shores, and by statesmen and potentates not of our own blood.

As to subsequent annexations, it is mainly at the expense of Spain, leaving out Hawaii and Alaska, that we have reaped advantage. Are we prepared to accept Mr. Bruce's statement that there is little in our methods which today we need to recall with regret? The claim of Spain to Mexico was based upon the robber expedition of Cortez directed against a people not savage, but which had made some steps toward culture. To Spain had succeeded a nominal republic whose right to inherit vast outlying regions was slender, indeed. Whether or not Texas might fairly be included in the Louisiana Purchase is not easy to decide; and as to the missions and their vague appanages in New Mexico and California, the Mexican right to possession becomes, under cool examination, attenuated to the last degree. We believe that Mr. Bruce might make out a plausible case, though many will feel that America has shown here colossal rapacity. At any rate, few will question that, however secured, it is for the general welfare of the world that Texas, California, and the territory of the Gadsden Purchase are now part of the American Union. Houston and the Austins will probably stand as worthy figures in the American Pantheon. The name of Frémont fell into sad discredit under the tests of the civil war; we should be glad that his earlier career, on which his rise into importance was based, is set forth in this book in the favorable light which it deserves; and we ought not to begrudge to James K. Polk the good word which Mr. Bruce now and then accords him, where the general tone toward him has been that of obloquy.

No one now speaks contemptuously of Alaska, regrets its incorporation, or finds fault with Seward for accomplishing it. The voices that denounce the annexation of Hawaii grow fainter as the years pass, however sore the nation's best conscience may still be over the deed. As to the Philippines, we are still in the thick of embarrassment and controversy. As Louisiana fell to the administration of Jefferson undesired and unlooked for, so the island empire of Spain dropped upon McKinley as a complete surprise. What statesman dreamed that a consequence

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of interference in behalf of oppressed Cuba would be this bringing of our white elephant of the Orient into the fold! American expansion has its origin in far antiquity; its surprises are but repetitions of surprises that startled generations in the æons that are mute; there will be surprises in the future, for the venerable disquiet that has impelled the westward movement is still unwasted. Whither? Let us repose in the wisdom of Mr. Dooley: "We don't know, Hinnessy, where we're goin'. But we're on the way."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Third Circle. By Frank Norris. New York: John Lane Co.

However skeptical some of us may have been as to the absolute excellence of the late Frank Norris's young achievement, few can have doubted that he was on the way to excellence. There was a confident ardor about him that seemed almost a guarantee of success. "I am going to make you people sit up," he said to a friend at the very beginning of his career. The friend thought the remark in rather bad taste, but in due time found himself "sitting up." Norris was thinking in trilogies when death cut him off. His precocity was still manifesting itself, he was pushing a little ahead of his powers. "The Pit" and "The Octopus" must stand, after all, as astonishing exercises rather than as portions of an unfinished masterpiece, but there is no mistaking the power in them, or the promise.

The stories here collected are, says Mr. Irwin in his spirited introduction, "the longest and most important of his prentice products. . . . They are an incomparable study in the way a genius takes to find himself." This is putting it strong: the claim is scarcely borne out by the contents of the volume. They seem rather to show how a reporter with a realistic bent may become a writer of brilliant magazine stories. We do not gather that these exhibits are here reprinted in chronological order. As they stand, they display not so much growth as versatility. They are extremely clever, and, with three or four exceptions, patently "magazinable." The list of copyrights printed at the beginning of the book shows in what different markets Norris succeeded in placing his work. But it is the three or four exceptions which to our mind are most individual and striking. Three of them were, we gather from Mr. Irwin, written before the rest, and stand first in the book. The horror of the incident narrated in "The Third Circle" is intensified by the grim and pithy manner of its telling. The writer has no notion of commenting or enlarging upon his facts: it is enough to present them. "The House with the Blinds" and "Little Dramas of the Curbstone" are not properly stories at all, but sketches of certain chance-seen episodes of city life, each of them with its mystery over the solution of which the artist is perfectly non-committal. These vivid bits of romantic realism appeared in the San Francisco *Wave*, when Norris was sub-editor thereof—before the East had heard him and summoned him in its peremptory way to stand and deliver the fruits of his fresh talent.

He succeeded in transplanting that talent without destroying it; but we cannot help thinking that much of the matter in the present volume is reliquian of a temporary surrender, or semi-surrender. It would be interesting to know when the story called "Dying Fires" was written. Here we read of a Californian sub-editor, with a genius for comprehending the life about him, who writes a novel which has life and nature in it. An Eastern publisher accepts it, and the young Californian is presently called to the editorial staff of the publisher's magazine. He comes to New York, and falls in with a set of third-rate "authors," who, with their pretensions and affectations, so confuse, mislead, and altogether bedevil the young fellow that he turns from life to phrases. His second novel is as feeble as it is sophisticated. After a time he realizes his mistake, goes back to the Sierras, and "with such sapped and broken strength as New Bohemia had left him, strove to wrest some wreckage from the dying fire." But the last spark is quenched, and "there remains only a little heap of bitter ashes." Happily, there was no such end of the matter for Norris: his torch burned brighter, and he bore it with steadier hand, to the last.

The Mystery of Miss Motte. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The plan and scope of this little story are rather out of the usual. A girl with a touch of Parsee blood in her veins, figuring as amanuensis to an American clergyman, is not met every day, and is naturally predestined to mystery. Yet after all, the mystery lies more with the nature, acts, and testamentary dispositions of her forebears than with herself, and admits of satisfactory solution in the end. She herself is a nice, spirited girl, Oriental in little else besides her love for India and her susceptibility to the perfume of jasmine. In surveying the thickly peopled scene of the story, the reader is aware, a little uncomfortably, of the author's determination to make original characters at all hazards. The two really noteworthy figures are those of the clergymen, the rector and his curate; the religious epicure and the mystic; the man who is in a large sense a religion "promoter," sincere but cynical, and his junior, to whom religion is still "a reality, a passion, a life." The two are thoroughly alive as men and as representatives of contrasted currents of thought, which at the last bid fair to unite in one clarified stream. That both men are in love with the mysterious Miss Motte gives human zest to their spiritual contests, and affords a chance for one of them to turn defeat into moral victory.

The Bronze Bell. By Louis Joseph Vance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

There are stories which one reads with full consciousness of how silly they are, but with the determination to see the absurd thing through. So far as the author is concerned, that is, undoubtedly, quite satisfactory. Mr. Vance's latest yarn harks back to the early Rider Haggard. A mysterious dark-faced gentleman, on a lonely sandbar off the south shore of Long Island, is sought out by creepy Babu messengers, who present him with the traditional token of a huge emerald in whose depths flash baleful shafts of light, etc. From Long Island we move on to Calcutta and Rajputana, and straight into the heart of dark bazaars, Indian palaces inhabited by wondrously beautiful, olive-skinned fiends in woman's form, subterranean water-passages, cobras, gates of swords, and mystic oaths. The hero and the heroine are, of course, Anglo-Saxon. Through the direst adventures, they keep immaculate the beautiful clothes in which Mr. Harrison Fisher has set off their magnificent physique. Persons of mature years will sit up to read Mr. Vance's story and prove how the heart of man never grows old.

Oh! Christina! By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

The publishers confidently blazon forth this little story as "the laughing hit of the year." We suppose such a claim would have to be substantiated on a basis of number of copies sold, and we should say that unless the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch" exerts herself to some purpose, the prophecy may very likely come true. Christina is a feminine version of "Wee Macgreegor," with the precocious wit and the uncanny canniness of the Glasgow street arab. After a harum-scarum childhood, fate or her creator puts her in charge (the phrase may be left ambiguous) of a maiden aunt who keeps a toy-shop in the village of "Kilmabeg." The contrast in age, training, and temperament between these two furnishes the fun. It is good fun, and has the advantage of being obvious enough for that child-like audience, the Best-Buying public.

Miss Purvis, the aunt, is like the serious and literal-minded interlocutor who sets off the rollicking humorist of a double turn in vaudeville. Her lines are restricted chiefly to "Really,

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Christina!" and "You are a very strange girl." She is three times as much surprised and shocked at everything Christina says or does as the audience can possibly be expected to be. But, in a way, she is necessary. Her simplicity gives the cue, keeps the ball of Christina's impishness busily rolling. Christina and her nonsense are likely to be much laughed at and quickly forgotten, which is, of course, laying more to her credit than to her discredit.

An Anarchist Woman. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25.

This is a book belonging to the same general order as Mr. Hapgood's "Autobiography of a Thief" and "The Spirit of Labor." It is a report of "low" life tinged with almost morbid sympathy. Mr. Hapgood is a Defoe who adores his Colonel Jack and his Moll Flanders. The very fact that other people are not likely to adore them, are even likely to find them contemptible objects, prepossesses him strongly in their favor. "When we are more accustomed to social thought," he says, "we shall not regard those who radically differ from us, as mad dogs or malevolent idiots." Per contra, we shall perceive that mad dogs and malevolent idiots are merely beings who differ from us, and probably for the better.

Mr. Hapgood's chief fault is lack of humor, and the effect of it in this instance is rather appalling. He is undertaking to study "the natural history of the anarchist" and chooses two persons as his exemplars. One is a woman who, when he met her at twenty-three, "had more completely translated her life into terms of thought than any other woman of my acquaintance." She had led a most dissolute life, in which drink and promiscuous relations with men played the chief parts. Then she met Terry, in the eyes of the world a drunken loafer, but really "a perfect type of the idealist. We shall see," promises the chronicler, "how in the midst of what the world calls immorality and sordidness, this quality in him was ever present." Marie becomes his mistress on terms which bind her to nothing; in fact, she maintains the utmost liberty of morals, and at one time deliberately takes to the street. But this is where Terry's idealism comes in: he considers prostitution better than marriage, and infinitely better than work. After a time she comes back to him. They are a cheerful pair. Mr. Hapgood's story is largely made up of letters to him, from one or the other of these two. They are extremely frank letters, but they have little beside frankness to recommend them. By her own testimony, the girl gives full play to her natural instinct for gross dissipation, and it is too evident that the man is a drunken loafer who worships his own image. He has the Irish fondness for eloquence, and is always spreading the eagle:

> To exchange the rack-rented but limitless fields of Irish landlordism for the rickety and equally rack-rented tenements, with the checkerboard streets, where all must keep moving, is only adding sordidness to spare sadness.

This is the kind of thing Mr. Hapgood calls "poetic." Terry, who is a good mechanic, thinks it a disgrace to work, but he is quite willing to live at the expense of hard-working friends, and once takes a job as barkeeper with a clear conscience on the ground that it is more graft than work, since the carelessness of his employer makes it easy for him to steal a large part of the takings. Under the tutelage of this moralist and thinker, Marie begins to develop her own profound intellectual powers. If it were not for a growing habit of throwing things at each other, they might still be helping each other onward and upward. But they are no longer together. Marie has lapsed into virtue and housework, and Terry, with the aid of cigarettes, whiskey, hashish, and despair of regenerating mankind, is near his logical end. We have no reason to doubt that these are real persons, but it is hard to understand Mr. Hapgood.

A Sister of Prince Rupert. Elizabeth Princess Palatine and Abbess of Herford. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: John Lane Co. $4 net.

Sometimes there meets us in the pages of history a personality that appeals to us, not by splendor or achievement, not by political importance, but in virtue of an intimate and familiar charm, or by some strange potency of self-revelation whereby we know him in his tastes and his idiosyncrasies as we know those we meet in every-day life, not as we image from afar the occupants of thrones or the dwellers in the distant arena of statecraft.

We quote the opening sentence of this book for a double purpose. It is, in the first place, a specimen of the untrained, if not execrable, taste into which the writers of biography seem to be yearly sinking deeper and deeper. The present biographer, as a matter of fact, writes for the most part in a simple, if not very refined, style, yet from sheer lack of literary discipline she can begin her work with a sentence that would bring a blush to a self-respecting sophomore. The lamentable fact is that the great mass of popular biographies turned out by the presses—and the *genre* is one of peculiar difficulties—are written by amateur penmen who have not acquired the first principles of composition. So much to relieve the spleen of a reviewer who reads biographical works by choice and is too often deceived in his expectations of pleasure.

The sentence is quoted also because, despite its foolish exaggeration, it indicates the real interest of the pages that follow. There was no "strange potency of self-revelation" about the Princess Elizabeth, but she was a charming, piquant person, and a writer of letters that admit us to formal acquaintance at least with an extraordinary circle of people. As the child of King James's ill-fated daughter, who, as Howell relates, was "called the Queen of Bohemia, and for her winning, princely comportment, the Queen of Hearts," she was born to a place in romance. The effort to reconstruct the child's life at the great palace of Heidelberg, where she was born, and during the disastrous expedition of her father into Bohemia, is a little too apparent. Our real knowledge of her begins with the school days at Leyden, and is taken from the Memoirs of her sister Sophie, afterward mother of George I, and from the correspondence among the members of the large family. Even here the reader is perhaps fretted at times by the effort to realize the child's state of mind from insufficient material. For these conjectures we should prefer to have fuller extracts from the letters that passed between Elizabeth and Descartes at The Hague, and a more ample account of the philosophy which played so important a part in the princess's life, and which, in its ethical aspects, was so largely developed under her influence. The chapter entitled "The Consolations of Philosophy" is fairly well written: the passages from the letters are wisely selected and agreeably translated; they fail only in being too few. "I have always," writes Elizabeth to her Mentor, "been in a condition which renders my life very useless to those whom I love, but I seek to preserve it with far more ease since I have had the happiness of knowing you, because you have shown me the means of living far more happily than I had done before." That lesson of philosophic calm is one of the oases in history, and we should love to linger over it, even if the journey through the rest of the princess's life, with her restored brother at Heidelberg, and as abbess at the Protestant nunnery of Herford, were proportionately hastened.

It cannot be denied that this biography has many of the crudities that mark this kind of writing to-day, but it is based on good knowledge of the sources, is, in general, despite its lapses, simply written, and has to its great advantage a thoroughly entertaining subject which is not much known to the ordinary English reader.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. Vols. XXV-XXVI, Index, Atlas. New Edition. Published under the authority of His Majesty's Secretary of State for India in Council. New York: Henry Frowde.

The two concluding volumes of the

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new edition of the Gazetteer, just published, fully maintain the unique excellence of this monumental work. The Index, Vol. XXV, is not merely a list of references, but is a carefully prepared digest of the facts contained in the Gazetteer, and is accordingly of inestimable value to the student of any Indian subject. Under cotton, for instance, will be found, first, references to general statements as to its production, then alphabetical lists of places where it is cultivated and where there are ginning and pressing factories, followed by references to the manufacture from earliest times and to the location of two hundred and more mills. To the historical and biographical references dates are frequently added. It is interesting to note that the largest space is devoted to the enumeration of the places containing noted temples, and the next largest to the stations of the sixty-five Protestant missions, the American alone occupying nearly half of the five pages given to them. Of course, in a work of this magnitude omissions are inevitable, but we are surprised that we can find no mention of the famous Guides of the Indian army, especially when there is a reference to the nurse of Shah Jahan. The Atlas, Vol. XXVI, which can be purchased separately, contains sixty-four excellent maps, nearly half of which are general, showing among other things the surface features, density of population, the distribution of the different races, languages, and religions, the various products, military and political divisions, and railways. In addition to maps of the provinces, there are plans of thirteen cities.

The only error we have detected is that Bostan, a town near Quetta, is printed on map 47 Boston. It is correctly spelled on map 35 and in the index.

Science.

The Earth's Bounty. By Kate V. St. Maur. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

This is a practical book, a reminder (and one is occasionally needed) that women can write upon plants and animals without dissolving in sentiment. If Mrs. St. Maur's first book, "A Self-Supporting Home," sent, as has been asserted, more families to the country than any other book except "The Fat of the Land," then "The Earth's Bounty" should break the record of that amusing bit of fiction. For Mrs. St Maur shows that, even without the apparently unlimited capital of the gentleman who lived on the fat of his acres, it is possible to thrive upon a farm.

The book is a supplement to "A Self-Supporting Home," but except for a final "itinerary" of the year's work, the plan is different and better. In successive chapters Mrs. St. Maur takes up various farm topics, and treats each one thoroughly. The subjects come somewhat at haphazard—one would expect, perhaps, the chapters to be in groups covering animals, birds, and farming proper—but in this case the order is doubtless the natural one, as Mrs. St. Maur confesses that the various departments of her industry were frequently begun as the result of an accident. Her fortune led her to ventures as widely different as angora goats and apples, silos and toy dogs, but whether she is managing a violet house or making a manure pit her processes and conclusions seem sensible, and her profit reasonable. She reports no failures.

Her fondness for animals led her into adopting household pets, which afterward proved the nucleus of a flock, a herd, or a stud. From Rachel, bought "because without a cow a country home is incomplete," came a steady trade in butter. From a driving-mare, bought because she was cheap, and the temptation great, rose the beginnings of a small but good business in colts. Common goats, acquired for the purpose of clearing brush, led to a mixed trade in milk and cheese, and finally to a flock of angoras which, besides being efficient in sprout-land, produced saleable kids and the best mohair. Finally when Jack, wounded and half-strangled, hurled himself through a window and across Mrs. Maur's knees in the middle of a thunder storm, her dog kennel was begun. We shall expect, in her next book, to hear of her trade in squirrels and opossums. Hens appear to be with her a deliberate choice, but quail and wild duck she keeps because she cannot hold her hand from something new.

The lover of pets is not always the lover of inanimate nature, but Mrs. St. Maur seems almost to make pets of her trees, and it would not be difficult to imagine her sitting up nights with her violets. With both she has been successful. And when she reaches the subjects of rotations, silage, and manures, though denied the possibility of sympathy with her subject, she nevertheless manages to find the important problems, and to present them for examination.

It is doubtless possible to find fault with Mrs. St. Maur's facts, or with her advice. The Massachusetts farmer, for instance, will marvel greatly at her advice for asparagus, and will inquire if she has never heard of deep setting of one-year roots in loam of ordinary depth. She advises the shallow planting of seed, or the setting of two-year roots, in deeply prepared earth. Her methods here seem to be truly old-fashioned and foreign; few farmers in America can afford, even for the home garden, trenches or the hand-labor of cultivating shallow-set plants. Tested similarly, some few other of her recommendations may fail. But in general she is up-to-date, and the spirit of her book is modern, in that she is experimental. She is, besides, practical. At times her style savors of a farmer's bulletin; in fact, she quotes largely from experiment-station reports, often without quotation marks, so that it is sometimes a problem whether she is speaking or some one else.

Without pretending to a literary style, Mrs. St. Maur is able to get at the gist of the matter in hand, and to state it clearly. The farmer, as well as the man or woman who hopes for profit in pets, can gain much from this book.

T. Mellard Reade, a distinguished architect and surveyor of Liverpool, has died, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Reade was interested in physical geology and wrote several books on the subject, including "The Origin of Mountain Ranges," "The Evolution of Earth-Structure," and "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time."

From Berlin comes the report of the death, at the age of sixty-six, of Dr. Adolf Pinner, professor of chemistry in the University of that place. He wrote on both organic and inorganic chemistry. Among his books are "Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie," "Lehrbuch der anorganischen Chemie," and "Gesetze der Naturerscheinungen."

Drama.

THE BACON ACROSTIC.

Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon. By W. S. Booth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Booth's book has already made its converts, so painstaking, ingenious, and beguiling is it. He does not attempt in any sense to treat the whole Baconian theory, accepting, rather, most of the conclusions and evidence of Greenwood and Begley. He divides his royal octavo volume of some six hundred and twenty pages into two parts. The first part, after some preliminary treatment of Elizabethan cryptography, considers "The Uses of Ciphers," "Anonymity and Pseudonymity," "Method," and "Practical Specimens of Acrostical Signatures." In Part Two, in some fifteen chapters, he deciphers the signatures of Francis and Anthony Bacon in works originally published anonymously, or over the names of other men. Here he treats, with facsimile pages or titles from quartos and folios, the appearance of a Bacon cipher in poems and plays of Shakespeare, in "Tamburlaine," the "Jew of Malta," some poems which have usually been assigned to Edmund Spenser, and in other material which he believes needs reassignment on the basis of his cipher. The Appendix concerns itself with "Further Remarks on False Names and Pen Names," "The Use of Acrostics in Ancient

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Times," "The Spelling of Francis Bacon's Names and Titles," and "Some Books on Ciphering and Deciphering."

This is the most thorough discussion we have yet had of concealed signatures in the work usually assigned to Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the argument breaks down; first, as to method, and, secondly, when tested by the printing customs of the Elizabethan age, by common human experience, and by facts in the history of the Elizabethan drama. There are grave dangers in Mr. Booth's logical method, both general and special. He is too fond of statements like the following:

> In each case [of the ciphers or acrostics which he has discovered] the acrostic is of secondary importance, and was put into the composition after it was written, and, so far as we can judge, for the purposes of identification, or for a personal satisfaction. Thus the writing was done free from all restraint, and with little thought of the name which was to be inserted, after its completion, or when it came to be printed (p. 43).

The words "In each case" and the final sentence absolutely beg the question, for Mr. Booth adduces no proof to show that the acrostic came or must come from reworking. Even if he retort that it makes little difference to him whether the acrostic was introduced into the original writing or later, this is not properly cautious statement for one who is trying to lay a logical foundation for a complicated theory of supposed large significance. When Mr. Booth adds (p. 44), "There is no need to suppose the poet himself inserted all the signatures. Any one of several competent servants could have done it for him," he enters upon three-fold assertion, for we need to know that there was reason for Bacon to wish to insert a cipher; that "servants" would be competent; and thirdly, that Bacon was likely to let them do such work for him. Mr. Booth believes so firmly in his conclusions that more than once he lays down premises which beg the entire question.

Again, when Mr. Booth in the chapter on Method gives the rules of the game we are to play with him, one is impressed by the extreme freedom he allows himself. He states some rule, only to admit in text, or footnote, or practice later, that he permits himself exceptions when necessary. For instance, he makes much of starting from the first right hand or left hand word in a poem, if it begin or end with B or N or O, and of landing on a similarly placed word in the last line, distinguished initially by one of these letters. Yet he allows himself great freedom in starting from words or letters in headings, signatures, or words in the second or the next to last line. Moreover, when he asserts that "for acrostic purposes, the abbreviated names of characters are not used in the acrostic spelling, except in certain very few well defined instances, to which I have called attention in their places" (p. 42), and, "for acrostic purposes, the stage directions are not used," adding in a footnote "with the few exceptions noted in their places," he leaves a reader wondering how he is to distinguish exceptions. Just here Mr. Booth's theories break down. He shows clearly enough that two kinds of cipher were common: first, those intended to display the ingenuity of the writer, such as the spelling of the name "Volpone" by the initial letters of the Argument prefixed to that play (p. 77); secondly, carefully concealed ciphers used as a means of communication between two persons holding a key. He then asks that we should believe a cipher was carefully concealed in the so-called Shakespeare plays, and other manuscripts and printed matter, by Bacon and his friends, when the people for whom the message was meant held no key, and the method could be discovered only after three centuries. Moreover, what is characteristic of nearly all the ciphers illustrated by him, except his own, is their simplicity and regularity. They follow the initial or final letters of each line; they are formed on the letters running from the first of the first line to perhaps the fifteenth of the last line; or they take the initial letter of every other word, etc. In his own cipher, Mr. Booth in the first place allows himself great freedom in his spelling of Bacon's name; it may read Francis Bacon, Fran Bacon, Franciscus Bacon with one or two f's, Francisco Bacono, and in many other combinations; and one may read either both names backward, or one name forward and the other backward, etc., etc. Though his favorite method is to start with the initial word in the first or last line, and work backward or forward, moving from right to left in an orderly sequence, by initial letters or as if the words were strung on a string, yet he allows himself great freedom both as to his point of beginning, and his method of search. Now he uses only initial letters; now he uses all the letters; now he goes but once round a set of verses, and again he makes a second journey. The fact is, that when one takes a group of such common letters as occur in the name of Francis Bacon, and searches with great freedom of movement in a page of manuscript or text, allowing one's self much liberty in spelling the name in question, it is more difficult not to find acrostics than to find them. This is proved true by the acrostics of all kinds discovered, since the appearance of Mr. Booth's book, by eager contributors to the press. The very latitude on which Mr. Booth prides himself in his acrostic system seems likely to be its ruin. Probably it will soon be shown by this cipher that Bacon set his mark on most of our literature.

In another respect the book is oddly unsatisfactory. On page 42 Mr. Booth quotes two lines from "Antony and Cleopatra" and comments thus:

> *Ant.* Favours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou *Thid.* One that but performes. (Fellow?

The word which is carried over belongs to the line on which it stands typographically; and in reading for the acrostic it must be read with that line.

Now, the acrostics were inserted either in the original manuscript or in proof. If they were inserted in the manuscript, this regulation just quoted would again and again have rendered them null. Any one who has collated Elizabethan or Jacobean plays knows that nothing is more erratic than the division of the lines. Not only is verse set as prose, and prose as verse, but in successive editions the lines will be spaced so differently that, in each, different words, or groups of words, will be dropped below the line. No author could possibly foresee just where this would happen, yet when his lines were broken up by the printer, the cipher would, by the ruling of Mr. Booth, inevitably disappear.

But let us look for a moment at this whole question of inserting ciphers in manuscript plays. A play was sold to a dramatic company. Very often it never came to publication, and the author had no reason to suppose it would come. In other words, it was not at all sure the play would ever be printed, or would ever go beyond the hands of the company. Why, then, trouble about a cipher, especially one which is so free in its movement that it has been overlooked for some three hundred years? Again, why trouble with a cipher, unless one place it on almost every page, when the mere vagaries of the printer may completely destroy that cipher? We have evidence enough that surreptitious and unauthorized publication of plays was exceedingly common. Nor have we good proof, except in rare cases like Ben Jonson's, that the dramatists supervised the printing of their plays. We have direct proof to the contrary in some cases. Indeed, surreptitious publications involved another chance of error. Plays were often taken down in the theatre by hacks sent by the publishers. This is held by some students to be in part the history of the First Quarto "Hamlet." The copious errors such a process might produce would play havoc with a cipher. Indeed, when dealing with the two quartos of "Hamlet," Mr. Booth is forced, because the cipher in the first has disappeared in the second, to find a new cipher in Q2, and to argue that Bacon or some "servant" inserted it when the second quarto was going through the press. But there is another chance that a printer might destroy a cipher, or several ciphers. The present reviewer has seen, among five differing issues of

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the same edition of a play of Barnabe Barnes, one in which parts were more correct than the other issues, yet other parts were as corrupt as the worst. In this the printer corrected or not as he pleased, or the binder picked up at random corrected and uncorrected sheets. In such copies, containing both errors in plenty and unauthorized corrections, what would become of ciphers which the author desired to be inserted by "servants" in the proof?

Is it in accord with ordinary human experience that these ciphers were inserted by "servants"? Does Mr. Booth show that it is wholly easy in dramatic composition to substitute one word for another and yet keep the full desired effect? Does he believe that "servants" —a word badly in need of definition as used in this book—would be competent for such skilful editing? Is the dramatist or author usually complacent under such tampering with his MSS.? A theory must conform to the usual and probable in human conduct, and this theory strains one's accepted idea of one's fellows.

For Mr. Booth it is enough to illustrate his findings in cipher and to state his conclusions. He does not often consider to what extent his cipher is offset by the body of known or supposed fact in regard to authors, plays, or poems considered. When, for instance, he asks us, on the basis of the cipher, to accept "Tamburlaine" and the "Jew of Malta" as Bacon's, a student of the Elizabethan drama revolts. Surely Marlowe's mighty line, general spirit, and individual technical methods are recognizable, and should more than offset finding by this freely moving system Bacon's name in some title page or series of lines. If we grant that Bacon was Marlowe, that Bacon was Shakespeare, and that Bacon was also the Bacon of the "Essays" and scientific work, what refuge is there for us, facing these three distinct personalities, except in Dr. Morton Prince and his theories of the multiple personality!

The purpose of the book is serious, its method is painstaking, and it aims to be judicial, but can a theory which proves too much, and which calls for belief in an extraordinary manifestation of multiple personality, be taken with entire seriousness?

Jacob Gordin, the Yiddish playwright, died in Brooklyn, June 11, after a long illness. He was born in 1853, at Mivgorod, Poltava, Russia. He came to this country in 1891, and until then had never written a play. His first drama, "Siberia," composed for Jacob P. Adler in 1892, met with no success; but by perseverance and talent he succeeded in making himself a power in the East Side, and in raising the Yiddish theatre to honor. His strongest play, "God, Man, and the Devil," modelled on the Faust idea, has been translated into classic German and performed in Europe.

Music.

Grieg and His Music. By Henry T. Finck. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50.

No reader of this journal needs to be told that Mr. Finck is a fervent admirer of Edvard Grieg, or that, as a critic, he has the courage of his opinions. This book—an amplification of a former volume which appeared in the series of Living Masters of Music—is practically a new work, and may be briefly described as an enthusiastic appreciation of the Norwegian Master, as composer, executant, conductor, and man. To musicians it will be welcome and valuable on account of its comprehensive analytical studies of different phases of Grieg's genius, while the general reader will find much to interest him in the biographcal and descriptive passages, which are uncommonly rich in personal anecdote, in the observation possible only to intimate friendship, and to the revelations of private correspondence. Mr. Finck has been particularly fortunate in being able to quote the letters of the composer to Dr. Röntgen and Mr. Frants Beyer. By means of these, and other similar documents, he projects a vital image of his subject, and his work will take its place at once as a standard authority.

Remotely, Grieg was of Scottish ancestry on the paternal side, but, practically, the Scandinavian blood in his veins was free from foreign taint. To all intents and purposes he was a product of that Norseland of whose spirit and characteristics he was to become so inspired an interpreter. One of the commonest of the charges preferred against him by his critical detractors is that he was an imitator, that he borrowed his melodies chiefly from the Norwegian folk-songs, with which he was necessarily familiar. As a matter of fact, his borrowings from this source were so rare as to be wholly insignificant, compared with the bulk of his original output. Moreover, he took nothing that he did not transform and glorify. He himself is authority for the statement that of all his songs only one, "Solvejg's Lied," is based on a theme not of his own creation. Of the fertility of his invention the proof is abundant and indisputable. On no point is Mr. Finck more emphatic than he is in defending Grieg from the accusation of plagiarism, and his position may be pronounced impregnable. So strenuous a defence, perhaps, was scarcely necessary. Genius has always assumed, and is generally allowed, the right of appropriating what material it chooses, but only on condition of improving it.

The genius of Grieg, coming to him by legitimate inheritance, manifested itself almost from infancy, and was developed in an ideally congenial atmosphere. His mother, a great pianist, a worshipper of Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, and an appreciative student of Chopin, was also a conscientious teacher, and applied the needed stimulus to her imaginative lad, who often preferred indolent dreaming to the rigors of practice. It was Ole Bull who first recognized the latent power in his boyish improvisations and persuaded his parents to send him to Leipzig. There, too, in the beginning, he exhibited the waywardness of a soul conscious of inspiration but uncertain of its tendency. Rigid courses of instruction were irksome to him, and he found his chief happiness in abandoning himself to flights of musical fancy. But when he once perceived the necessity of discipline, he worked so assiduously that he suffered nervous and physical collapse. An attack of pleurisy followed, which left him but one serviceable lung, and doomed him to lifelong delicacy. Nevertheless, in his final examinations, he won honors both as a composer and as an instrumentalist.

In the critical days that followed, Ole Bull and the short-lived Rikard Nordraak gave him invaluable encouragement to follow the bent of his individual genius and to break through the shackles of classical tradition. Thus it came about that the Euterpe Society was founded for the production of works of young northern composers, and that, as long ago as 1866, he was able to give a concert in Christiania, with a programme of Norwegian music only, Nordraak, Kjerulf, and himself being the composers. The success of the experiment exceeded all expectation, and from that time on his star was in the ascendant.

By 1874 his fame and popularity had so increased that the government awarded him a pension, upon which he retired to Bergen to work upon the "Peer Gynt" music, by which he is, perhaps, best known to the world at large. He undertook the task at the suggestion of Ibsen himself, and his success in accomplishing it is all the more remarkable, when the embarrassing theatrical conditions imposed upon him are taken into consideration. It is not necessary to discuss here the extraordinary felicity of this achievement upon which Mr. Finck enlarges with characteristic fervor, but we may point out that it has done more to popularize the name of Ibsen than the play itself. That it has been largely instrumental also in spreading abroad the fame of Grieg, and in attracting public attention to his other works, is unquestionable. Thirty years ago his reputation as composer, conductor, and pianist had been firmly established in all musical centres, and since then his popularity has been growing steadily over all the civilized world. His orchestral and chamber music, his piano pieces, and his songs, in

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which his genius often finds its most characteristic national expression, have extorted the enthusiastic admiration of the most eminent connoisseurs. Mr. Finck, after an elaborate survey of all his works, vocal and instrumental, assigns him unhesitatingly to the first "rank of composers, on the ground that none of the great masters has contributed more unique and charming melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic ideas in the same number of pages, and none has succeeded better in expressing his thoughts in the most fitting manner."

Much space in this substantial volume is devoted to Grieg's personality—in which mental vigor and physical weakness were in perpetual conflict—to his manner of work, his characteristics as a pianist and conductor, his domestic habits, and his artistic views. The book is a full and satisfying one, whether considered in its critical or biographical aspect, and certainly does full justice to its subject.

Art.

The Acropolis of Athens. By Martin L. d'Ooge. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A history of the Athenian Acropolis from the earliest historic period down to our times presents many difficulties to the conscientious writer who proposes to deal with the subject at all adequately. The importance of the various buildings gathered on the Acropolis, their chequered career, and above all the conflicting theories regarding them held by modern archæologists, make a clear exposition not an easy matter. A successful handling of the material, as given in Professor d'Ooge's volume, is therefore the more to be appreciated, especially since a book of the kind has been much in request, not only by the archæological student, but by every intelligent visitor to Athens. "Ancient Athens," by E. A. Gardner, "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens," by Jane E. Harrison, and J. G. Frazer's "Pausanias," Vol. II, are the English books which have somewhat supplied the need hitherto. But the last two deal with the subject from a specific aspect, as their titles imply, and the first is only a handbook which does not profess to treat exhaustively any of the problems involved. Professor d'Ooge's book, on the other hand, takes up the subject systematically, views it from its varied aspects, historical, religious, and artistic, and patiently sets forth all the information we possess concerning it—material that has been gathered from many books and articles. Moreover, the whole presents a readable, though perhaps rather matter-of-fact, account. In a work of this sort, we do not expect much original matter. Professor d'Ooge, though he has studied both the actual monuments and their literature carefully, is not one of the investigators whose discoveries make up our present knowledge. At the same time, he does not blindly follow any one authority, but gives a clear, dispassionate statement of the case, criticising the weak points in various theories and then selecting the most probable solution of the question in hand. It is in this open-mindedness and wide acquaintance of the subject that the chief value of the book lies.

The material comprises not only the buildings on the summit of the Acropolis, but all the ruins discovered on its slopes, such as the various caves, the Pelargicon, the Asclepieum, the sanctuary and theatre of Dionysus, etc., as well as the more important sculptural works that have come to light during the excavations on these sites. The order adopted is mainly but not entirely historical; for instance, to avoid confusion, the buildings on the southern slope are dealt with consecutively in one chapter. The appendix on the Pelargicon and that on the old temple of Athena, which gives a full account of the widely divergent views held on this subject, will be welcomed by every student.

Such a consecutive history of the Acropolis cannot fail to impress us with the varied changes which have befallen the site, and the manner in which fate again and again brought about, first the circumstances which created the splendor of its buildings and then the catastrophes which destroyed them. But, though the hill has suffered many visitations, it has, at least, been spared that of the incompetent excavator. During the systematic excavations carried on between 1885 and 1889, the whole surface of the Acropolis was carefully dug up down to the bedrock, and every inch of soil was turned over and examined, so that the minutest fragment was not allowed to escape. The result is that all the data attainable have been brought safely into our possession, to be illumined by such investigators as Dörpfeld, Furtwängler, Wiegand, and others. Indeed, the patient "detective" work of discovering clues, of building up a chain of evidence, and thus reconstructing the monuments of the past has rarely been done so brilliantly and so successfully as on the Acropolis hill. To the importance of this detailed work Professor d'Ooge gives due prominence.

The least successful part of the book is that which deals with the sculptural remains. It does not show the same careful study, the information being clearly taken from general books. Thus, in many instances, the author is content to quote freely from Gardner's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture." This lack of first-hand knowledge comes out in some curious mistakes, such as assigning the originals of the Naples group of tyrannicides to Antenor instead of Kritios and Nesiotes, in whose favor the discovery of the dated vase fragment representing the group (now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) has finally decided the question of authorship.

There is a very rich series of illustrations consisting both of plates and cuts in the text. Their selection and variety show that the author has spared no pains to add to the clearness of his text. His system, however, of putting notes and references at the end of the volume, instead of at the foot of each page, is cumbrous.

The *Burlington Magazine* for May is a number of unusually varied contents, containing several articles which should attract a wider circle of readers than that habitually appealed to by this publication. The first of these is on the newly discovered David with the Head of Goliath by Rembrandt, by no means a great picture, but very interesting as being, apparently, the earliest of that master's compositions of many figures. The date, as now read, is 1627, the year of the Money Changer of Berlin and the St. Paul of Stuttgart, hitherto the earliest known paintings by Rembrandt, each of which represents a single figure only. Another recent discovery, the Settala Leonardo, is disposed of in an illustrated article which reproduces three of the ten variants known to exist of this Leonardesque motive—a nude Gioconda—of which the presumable original is a cartoon at Chantilly. The new discovery is quite the poorest of the three, and the flowery background is unmistakably Flemish. The note of contemporaneity is struck by Prof. C. J. Holmes in an article on "Two Modern Pictures," in which he calls attention to the element of personality subtly pervading a good landscape by Harpignies and rather aggressively announced in A. E. John's Woman Smiling. Americans will be especially interested in Kenyon Cox's attempt to characterize the work of that admirable artist J. Alden Weir, and in the editorial "Thoughts on the American Tariff." The editor considers the retention of a duty on works of art less than twenty years old as "a sop to American painters," and gravely assures these gentlemen that they are making a mistake because American collectors will, in any case, only buy pictures by artists of great reputation, which they will buy, duty or no duty, the payment of the duty rather serving to keep such pictures in America, "since they cannot be re-exported without loss until the twenty-year limit is passed." Therefore our painters will "escape general competition only at the cost of having to face competition with the picked work of Europe." All this may be true, but it entirely fails in comprehension of the attitude of American artists. Our best artists are not seeking to avoid competition, and are not in favor of the twenty-year limitation. All they ask is a fair field and no favor, and the doing away with the presumption in favor of imported work, because of the duty paid upon it. If foreign work is good, they wish to learn from it; if it is bad, they wish the

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public to learn how bad it is. They are profoundly convinced that the more good pictures people buy the more they will want, and, as they intend to go on producing good pictures themselves, they would willingly see Europe despoiled in our favor of the best contemporary work as it is already being despoiled of the old.

The excavations at Sparta, carried on by the director and students of the British School of Archæology in Athens, have again yielded important results. In excavating the "Menelaon," the reputed tomb of Menelaos and Helen, there have been found remains of the Mycenæan age, such as bricks coated with plaster, on which in some cases are traces of fresco painting, and fragments of Mycenæan pottery of a local type, which were unearthed both below the monument and in an adjoining building. Similar remains were found near by. The importance of these discoveries lies in the fact that they are the first Mycenæan remnants that have come to light in Sparta and it is possible that the site may prove to be that of the Mycenæan Sparta. The monument called the Menelaon, which is built of large conglomerate blocks, appears to date from the fifth century B. C. At the foot of a slope, a little below it, a number of bronze and lead votive offerings, apparently of the seventh century, have been found, including beads, axes, fibulæ, and plaques, as well as a large number of terra-cottas, some of exceptional workmanship. The pottery found in the immediate neighborhood of the monument ranges from Mycenæan in the lowest stratum to about 400 B. C. The complete excavation of the whole site will be reserved for next year.

The results of other excavations in Greek lands this season are also now coming in. In digging at Triphylia, near the village of Kakovatos, domed tombs were discovered of the Mycenæan age, unfortunately quite ruined and despoiled except for the foundations and some objects which help to certify their early date. The excavations at Pergamos, carried on by the German school for the last thirty years, have been chiefly concentrated on the large gymnasium and the neighboring area. This gymnasium is shown to have been the largest building of the kind so far known to us from antiquity. To the east of it baths have been unearthed comprising eight rooms; to the west a temple which was apparently originally of the Doric style, but was afterwards converted into Ionic; above on a terrace were discovered two sanctuaries, one dedicated to Hera, the other to Demeter.

Finance.

LENDING TO CHINA.

According to London dispatches and interviews with our own State Department, our foreign legations have insisted that an American syndicate be allowed to participate in a $27,500,000 loan to the so-called Hankow-Sze-Chuen Railway in China. As stated in these advices, the Chinese government, as far back as 1904, had expressed to our Minister at Peking its willingness that, in case the contemplated enterprise could not be financed with Chinese capital, American capital should participate. A few days ago, certain English, German, and French banking houses signed an agreement for a "tripartite participation" in the loan; the present diplomatic demonstration appears to amount to a demand for the right of American participation.

There are several points of view from which this incident may be regarded. The first is clearly political. The much-worn maxim that "trade follows the flag" has of recent years given place to another maxim, whose truth has as yet been imperfectly tested, that "trade follows the lending of money." In one sense, the second maxim is confirmed by experience. Certainly, England's export of merchandise to new foreign fields has in the past gone hand in hand with its exports in the form of capital for investment in the same fields. Not to mention the British colonies, the case of Argentina and Egypt is much in point. But in these admitted instances, there was some doubt whether export trade or investment capital went first. The familiar English plan of building up trade in a foreign locality, sending out younger sons of a mercantile house to represent on the spot the home establishment, and thus establishing a British colony at Buenos Ayres or Alexandria, would of itself lead to, rather than follow in, the path of investment in railway and industrial enterprises.

This is not the consideration on which the more modern reasoning is based. During the fifteen years or so in which the so-called "colonial expansion movement" has been active among all the European Powers, two other principles seem to have been the basis of action of investment markets—one, that the good-will of a foreign state could be surely gained by providing funds for its public or private enterprises; the other, that existence of such investments in a country like Egypt or China would give a certain right to political intervention by the government whose markets put up the necessary funds.

It is in China that this mingling of diplomacy and finance has from the first assumed the most extraordinary form. Disastrously beaten by Japan in the war of 1894, and with most of its public revenues already pledged as security for earlier loans, the Chinese government had to face the problem of paying a war indemnity of 200,000,000 taels, or, roughly, $130,000,000. One might have pictured unfortunate China going, hat in hand, to the various market-places to negotiate a loan. Not at all. A scramble occurred among all the important European Powers to secure the prior right to lend the money. England was China's old acquaintance; Germany was her new acquaintance; Russia would not only lend part, but would guarantee personally the whole of the loan. Throughout 1895, these assurances that Codlin's your friend, not Short, were urged on the government at Peking—which, in the end, succeeded in raising $80,000,000 on terms which Japan, in the days of her military success and well-organized finance of ten years later, was not able to command. Even the London *Economist* could not help describing the episode as "somewhat ludicrous"; although it talked very gravely of the political issues in the case.

Apparently, we are seeing now another and a similar international competition. The case, purely from a financial point of view, is all the more singular from the fact that a Chinese railway loan, even granting its entire soundness, offers no greater inducements than many excellent bond investments already on the markets. The popular notion that enormous interest rates are paid is erroneous. The $80,000,000 Chinese loan of 1896 paid 5 per cent., its issue price was 98¾, and it has lately sold in London around 104. The more recent Hankow-Shanghai railway loan paid interest at 5 per cent. and sold at 99. The question is not of the wisdom of offering such a price; the point is, that investment finance has apparently acted with a curious mixture of motives in the matter.

This conclusion is the more difficult to escape when we come to our own diplomatic demand that American capital be allowed to participate. American capital has of recent years been impressed with the fact that it has a good deal to do in financing its own investment interests. In 1906, our markets were declared to have borrowed $500,000,000 European capital for the purpose, and, even so, our new railway bond proposals failed to find a market. Only two weeks ago, it was announced as a timely and welcome achievement that we had obtained the assent of the Paris Bourse to an effort at interesting French capital in our one-half-billion dollars United States Steel stock—the apparent

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purpose being to get foreign capital to take part of it off our hands.

It is quite true that in 1901 we got in the way of talking about "overflowing capital," and of New York as the money centre of the world. We invested in British consols and German treasury bonds; not to mention the handsome contributions made by our markets to the Japanese war loans. But these very investment undertakings have demonstrated the real nature of the situation. The American allotments of the British Exchequer loans have practically all been re-sold to London; so have the German bonds; so, in very large measure, have been the Japanese issues. This is not because of doubt about any of these investments; but, in the main, because American capital can do better at home, or in immediately contiguous states which naturally depend upon our markets. But if the lending to China is —as the State Department's intervention seems to indicate—primarily a diplomatic move, it opens up interesting considerations as to the longer future of both finance and diplomacy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Collins, F. Howard. Authors' and Printers' Dictionary. Henry Frowde.

Deutsche Gedichte zum Auswendiglernen. Edited by W. P. Chalmers. Crowell & Co. 40 cents net.

Du Cerceau, Jacques Androuet. French Châteaux and Gardens in the XVI Century. Scribners.

Dumas, Alexandre. Memoirs, translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. VI. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Dunning, James Edmund. The Master Builders. Appleton.

Eden, F. S. School History of the County Palatine of Durham. London: Oxford University Press.

First Lessons in French. By P. Bauderet and Pr. Reinhard. Adapted for school use by Grace Sandwith. Crowell & Co. 50 cents net.

Foster, William. The English Factories in India. Henry Frowde.

Friedländer, Ludwig. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire. Vol. II. Translated by J. H. Freese and Leonard A. Magnus. Dutton & Co.

Galsworthy, John. Plays: The Silver Box, Joy, Strife. Putnams. $1.35 net.

Griffin, Grace Gardner. Writings on American History, 1907: A Bibliography of Books and Articles on United States and Canadian History. Macmillan Co.

Harker, Alfred. The Natural History of Igneous Rocks. Macmillan. $3 net.

James, Henry. The Ambassadors. 2 vols. Scribners.

Krüger, Gustav. The Papacy. Putnams. $1.50 net.

Kuhn, Walt. A Little Bird Told Me. Life Pub. Co.

Levi, Hedwig. Easy German Stories. Crowell & Co. 40 cents net.

Maartens, Maarten. Brothers All: More Stories of Dutch Peasant Life. Appleton.

Maude, Col. F. N. The Jena Campaign, 1806. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

M. Tulli Ciceronis Orationes. Edited by Albertus Curtis Clark. Henry Frowde.

Nascher, I. L. The Wretches of Povertyville: A Sociological Study of the Bowery. Chicago: Jos. J. Lanzit.

Norton, Roy. The Toll of the Sea. Appleton.

Oakley, E. Clarence. Dyke's Corners. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Packard, Winthrop. Wild Pastures. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

Perry, Ralph Barton. The Moral Economy. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Poebel, Arno. The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. VI, Part II. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania.

Reichenbach, Mathilde. Das Rothkäppchen: A Play in five scenes. Crowell & Co. 25 cents net.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for Year Ended June 30, 1908. Vol. II. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Rye, Edgar. The Quirt and the Spur: Vanishing Shadows of the Texas Frontier. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.

Shakespeare, William. Descriptive Catalogue of Early Editions in the Library of Eton College. Henry Frowde.

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